

La Cage aux Folles II: No Birds of Paradise

N E W Y O R K

NATIVE



February 23 - March 8, 1981

Issue Number Six

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Issue #6
January 23 - March 8

On the whole, it has not been the best of weeks for gay people in America.

On Thursday the fifth, Ronald Reagan chose Ernie Lefever as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. Lefever is an ultraconservative who enters the most important human rights position in the government with the opinion that human rights is, essentially, nonsense; the really important thing is to nuzzle up to one's purported allies while tiptoeing around such delicate topics as torture and political repression.

On Tuesday the tenth, Representative Jon C. Hinson announced through his administrative assistant that he was "definitely, unquestionably going to resign." The previous week Hinson had been arrested for having sex in a men's room on Capitol Hill, had been charged with a felony (later reduced to a misdemeanor), and had been packed off to a hospital, presumably for rest, relaxation, and a full battery of tests designed to scientifically validate his public degradation.

Also on the tenth, a coalition of fundamentalist religious groups in California, including the Moral Majority, announced it would start an aggressive media campaign against gay people. According to the *New York Times*, "The coalition said it would buy advertisements in an

attempt to build anti-homosexual feeling in the community and attempt to persuade homosexuals to give up their lifestyle." In these times of austerity and fiscal restraint, this holy alliance plans to spend \$3 million against gays in San Francisco alone.

We've spent a little time thinking about it, and we've come up with a few suggestions of what else the coalition could do with \$3 million.

*With \$3 million it could hire enough qualified psychiatrists to help its leadership get to the root of their preoccupation with demons and damnation.

*\$3 million would buy enough copies of the Constitution to help members of the Moral Majority remember what country they live in and why it's different from, say, Nazi Germany.

*\$3 million could buy enough Bibles to help jog their memories on the issues of universal love and the consequences of hatred.

On the other hand:

*\$3 million would pay half the way of several thousand Moral Majoritarians to Auschwitz and Buchenwald—to give them new ideas on how to structure their powerful new movement.

*\$3 million would buy a swastika decal for every supporter of the Moral Majority's fascistic program.

Fascistic? It's not too strong a description. Consider the words of Dean Wygoff, a spokesman for the Santa Clara Moral Majority, in explaining why his organization was joining the anti-gay coalition in San Francisco. "I agree with capital punishment," he said, "and I believe homosexuality is one of those that could be coupled with murder and other sins."

\$3 million could do a lot of things; but the fundamentalists seem to want just one: a \$3 million mini-holocaust for our brothers and sisters in San Francisco. This is no crusade for our salvation. It's a holy war, declared against us by the Moral Majority and their ilk, and the goal is not the usual power or wealth or land, but simply the extermination of every gay man and lesbian from the face of the earth.

We will not forgive the Moral Majority for a single life that is lost as a result of their \$3 million hate campaign.

We urge the United Nations to prepare immediately for a conference to monitor the genocidal plans the Moral Majority has for innocent Americans. We urge all New Yorkers to ready their money, their ideals, and their lives for the brutalities which the Moral Majority has in store for us.

Charles Ortlieb
Brett Averill

IN THIS ISSUE

Letters	5	LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II	22
Urban Affairs	6	Vito Russo explains why the sequel doesn't compare with the original in content or taste.	
Our choice of some of the leading products and events in town.		Native Books	24
News	8	<i>The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers, 1925-1940</i> , by John Kobal, is "valued by Felice Picano.	
Baths busted in Toronto, Circles yields to demonstrators, more news on New York gay-bashers.		Native Dance	26
D.C. Desk	12	The Cleveland Ballet, a company that has "all the modern inconveniences"—except real talent.	
Is the American Psychiatric Association considering reclassifying gays as "abnormal"? Larry Bush tells just how devastating such a decision would be.		Ask Dr. Berger	27
Media Watch	13	The good doctor dispenses advice on exercise, fat, and, that old standby, sexual appetite.	
David Rothenberg compares how the <i>Times</i> , <i>Post</i> , and <i>News</i> equate homosexuality with everything from drug abuse to juvenile delinquency.		Russo/Bell Connection	28
Keep 'em in the Ghetto	14	Vito and Arthur discuss the magic and reality of Hollywood, long-distance.	
Paul Grossman interviews Rabbi Abraham Hecht, a leader in the Orthodox Jewish community, a friend of the Moral Majority, and an enemy of all gay people.		Uptown	29
A Woman's Write	17	1964, the New York World's Fair, and the memories of a younger Michael Grumley.	
In a new column, Dorothy Allison recalls a small town's first experience with big-city lesbians.		Native Comics	30
Tom Robinson Interview	18	Notes from the Underground	31
Tom Robinson's new band, Sector 27, is one of the hottest new-wave bands in the world today. Ernie Fahl's interview tells why.		Brandon Judell interviews Kevin Higgins and keeps up-to-date on Pudgy and the Village People.	
Deep Dish	20	Native Marquee	31
George Whitmore's continuing tale of Binky, Stanley, Marcella, Henry		Native Guide	32
		Cabarets, galleries, events, organizations, and the taverns.	
		Classifieds	34
		Native Humor	35

WELCOME TO THE *NEW YORK NATIVE*

WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

- *SHOULD GAYS START A POLITICAL PARTY IN MANHATTAN?
- *ARE KOCH'S FRIENDS YOUR ENEMIES?
- *IS WESTWAY A NIGHTMARE FOR GAYS?
- *CAN GAYS TURN THE SUBWAY SYSTEM AROUND?
- *DOES NEW YORK NEED TO BE RE-DESIGNED?
- *ARE THE NEW DRUG CRACKDOWNS ANTI-GAY?
- *ARE THE SCHOOLS HOMOPHOBIC?
- *HOW CAN VIOLENCE AGAINST GAYS BE STOPPED?
- *IS THE MORAL MAJORITY NEO-NAZI?
- *ARE GAYS BEING PRICED OUT OF MANHATTAN?
- *IS SEX HARD TO GET IN NEW YORK CITY?
- *DO GAYS CENSOR GAYS?
- *CAN YOU MAKE A MILLION IN GAY BUSINESS?
- *IS BISEXUALITY THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?
- *SHOULD YOU ADOPT YOUR LOVER?
- *COULD GAYS SAVE THE SOUTH BRONX?
- *SHOULD YOU BOYCOTT CHANNEL THIRTEEN?
- *WILL EVERY GAY HAVE A LOFT ONE DAY?
- *SHOULD GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE CHILDREN?
- *SHOULD EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A GAY STATUE?
- *SHOULD MORE GAYS MOVE TO MANHATTAN?
- *DO ALL GAY PEOPLE VOTE?
- *SHOULD HALF OF ALL GAYS BECOME REPUBLICAN?
- *IS FLAGYL EVEN REMOTELY SAFE?

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NGTF: Why Things Aren't As They Seem

Regarding Larry Bush's January 10-24 "DC Desk" opinion piece.

Closure of the National Gay Task Force's Washington, D.C., office was not made because of "budgetary restraints." NGTF revenues are running at predicted levels consistent with a budget that included provisions for that office.

Further, the decision was not a reaction to the election of Ronald Reagan. NGTF is committed to pursue dialogue with the Reagan administration and to press forward with a federal gay agenda. This commitment and our capacity to follow through on it is stronger than before.

We closed that office to more effectively employ our existing financial resources. We opted to strengthen our civil rights program by using available dollars for staff rather than static office space. In effect we traded an office staffed one day per week for a full time staff position dealing solely with federal civil rights matters. This will improve our effectiveness by providing new depth for the Co-Directors who, in addition to the federal civil rights program, are responsible for two other major program areas—public education and national organization—as well as management, development, and public relations for the organization.

A caveat. We are aware that many people believe that NGTF's main office should be in Washington, DC, rather than in New York. Personally, we are sympathetic to that idea. However, that is a basic issue to be decided by our elected Board of Directors. The cost of moving an office is very expensive. We owe it to our members and to our community to carefully balance timing and cost against benefit. Fortunately, there are several ways to accomplish that objective should our Board of Directors make the basic decision to relocate.

In the meantime, NGTF does have an important Washington presence—these active and involved members of our Board of Directors: Carolyn Handy, a member of the Reagan transition team for the Department of Education; Mel Boozer, President of the Gay Activist Alliance [D.C.] and nominee for the Vice President at the 1980 Democratic National Convention; and Dr. Frank Kameny, an institution in his own right who began the federal battle for gay rights in 1950's.

These people have full time professional responsibilities in addition to local movement involvements. We do not place additional demands on their time without a clear need. However, they provide NGTF with a presence and depth which must not be discounted or demeaned.

Mr. Bush goes on to make a wide ranging series of allegations, including alleged lack of focus in our civil rights program, that we "drew away" from Washington, that we sought to sabotage Carter's reelection, etc.

We will deal with a few of the more outlandish of these accusations.

NGTF did maintain ties throughout the four-year Carter term and pursued a series of contacts during the post-Costanza period with a variety of White House officials and federal agencies and commissions, including the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, the Federal Bureau of Prisons, the White House Conference on Aging, the White House Conference on Children and Youth, the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, the State Department, the U.S.

Office of Personnel Management, the President's Commission on the Holocaust, the Federal Communications Commission, the President's Advisory Commission on Women, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Justice Department, the Domestic Policy Council Staff, and the President's Commission on White House Fellowships; We sought but were unsuccessful in securing a meeting with Defense Department officials on terms minimally acceptable to us.

Not mentioned by Mr. Bush is the significant impact of Bella Abzug as chairperson of the President's advisory Commission on Women in the gay as well as the feminist communities. Jean O'Leary, the NGTF Co-Executive Director and member of the commission, resigned in protest as did a majority of the appointees. This event exacerbated relations between the Carter White House and the feminist movement and had a derivative impact on the lesbian and gay movement.

Further complicating our relations with the White House in the immediate post-Costanza period was the relatively cool attitude of Ms. Costanza's successor, Sarah Weddington. From our conversation with Ms. Weddington, we concluded she was not comfortable with the issues and was not to be the advocate for our interests we had in Costanza. Notwithstanding, NGTF did persuade Ms. Weddington to appoint a lesbian to the reconstituted Women's Advisory Commission.

Even before the Women's Advisory Commission uproar, and subsequent to the Costanza firing, NGTF and NOW, in a joint meeting at the White House in the early fall of 1978, pressed the necessity for the President to speak out against Proposition 6 in California, which he did several weeks later in Sacramento. (NGTF does not lay any special claim for that. We know many interests were seeking that goal. It was the sum of that effort that brought success.)

This is not to suggest that, with the clarity of hindsight, more could not have been done or that there were no mistakes. But we feel no need to apologize. We are human, operate under the pressure of extraordinary and often contradictory demands, and have the smallest financial resources of any national civil rights group.

It is simply untrue that NGTF "drew away" from Washington or contact with the Carter Administration at any time during the period in question. On the contrary, the senior Carter Domestic Policy Council officer responsible for civil rights matters volunteers the observation that during his final week in office that we were able to accomplish more with fewer resources than any other civil rights group he observed.

The NGTF focus and agenda during the latter part of the Carter Administration can be summarized in three words: *Presidential Executive Order*. All other matters were parts of that essential whole. We were compelled to proceed on a piecemeal basis when it became apparent that the Carter Administration was too weak politically to make an executive order stick. We applied our small staff accordingly and encouraged and welcomed the involvement of other national groups.

Under the circumstances, it made no sense in 1979 and early 1980 to divert energy to drafting an executive order for the White House to toss away. In the summer of 1980, however, we did begin discussions with Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund directed at

retaining that public interest law firm to draft an order for us to present to the White House in the spring of 1981, contingent on Carter's reelection. That, of course, is moot today.

As for Co-Director Brydon's "C" grade of the Carter Administration, that was a straight-forward observation given without consideration of factors extraneous to the performance. The timing was Mr. Bush's, who asked the question.

On the Carl Hill matter, NGTF was as startled by the news that he would arrive on the eve of the election as was the Carter White House. We were involved in planning for Carl Hill to challenge the remaining point of contention on the immigration issue but had pointedly stated to our associates in the project that this must be scheduled after the election. We learned of the election eve arrival date concurrent with the White House officials. The resultant flap was a source of considerable anger and tension between NGTF and our Associates. We are glad to say that problem is now behind us and our relationship with that organization today is both close and harmonious.

We need to add here that the Carter campaign involvement in the Texas Democratic Party dispute over gay rights—which Mr. Bush macabrely suggests we did not respect—occurred, in part, as a result of a request made by an NGTF Board Member from Houston. He asked that we alert the Carter Public Liaison staff to the brewing storm, which we did, to apparent good effect.

Finally, a note about the "confrontation" between NGTF and the Gay Rights National Lobby. Curiously omitted from the article is the root cause of the strained relationship—the NGTF staff proposal to merge NGTF and GRNL as a way of (1) achieving economies in an era of scarce resources and (2) efficiency and coordination of Washington-based advocacy in a conservative decade. The idea is flatly opposed by Steve Endean.

Frankly, we do not understand what possesses some people in visible positions within the movement to see nothing but failure in the efforts of those who are working very hard on a daily basis with tight resources to bring about change.

This applies not just to the Task Force but all groups.

Our community is entitled to experience the reinforcing and validating feelings that derive from forward movement toward our goals, regardless of how large or small the step. To deny us this is to perpetuate the notion of negative self-image which continues to be a major consideration for too many gay people.

This does not mean that the work of gay organizations, NGTF included, is not a legitimate subject for commentary. It does mean that there is a particular responsibility to get the facts right and to offer a balanced view so that our community is not mired down by a sense of hopelessness and defeatism.

—Charles Brydon
Lucia Valeska
Co-Executive Directors
National Gay Task Force
Feb. 2

Response By Larry Bush

NGTF has told us that their Federal agenda for the past four years was a *Presidential Executive Order*, and they go on to say that that is now moot. Their letter would have been much

NATIVE LETTERS

more effective if they could tell us what their current agenda is. I fail to find it.

If there is any substance to this letter, it is in the last two paragraphs. I feel it reveals a very dangerous mind-set. I have no intention of "reinforcing and validating" NGTF's work, however large or small the step, without providing readers with some understanding of what needed to be done, and what was possible. For those of us in journalism, whose responsibility is to call for some public accountability from our institutions and leaders—gay or non-gay—the basic premise is that an informed public will make informed decisions about leadership. I find that an optimistic premise, but I can understand why NGTF feels "a sense of hopelessness and defeatism."

Those Fickle Reviewers

Thank you for your review of *Orpheus and America* in the *New York Native* [issue 3]. I had no idea we had been reviewed by the paper. I'm sorry you didn't get any photos (we have beautiful ones). Interestingly enough, yours is the only gay paper that reviewed. Isn't that odd?

Best of luck on the paper.

—Robert Patrick
Cooper Station
Manhattan

Loves Us

Just got issue 3 of the *New York Native*. I was so pleased to find the Lila Kedrova interview by Ethan Mordden. I can't begin to tell you how happy I am with the interview as it appears in the *Native*. It certainly is well written, and makes for very interesting reading.

—Lawrence Steinfield
Filmways Pictures
Jan. 7

Loathes Us

Speaking in your better ear as a corner player regarding Mark Goldstaub's off-base review of the New York Gay Community Marching Band concert at Alice Tully Hall which you published in the January 10 issue of the *New York Native*: Phhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

—Walter Paul
East 5th Street
Manhattan, Jan. 20

Your letters will be gratefully appreciated!

Please address your comments to:
Native Letters
New York Native
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

NATIVE

URBAN AFFAIRS

BEING A GAY PARENT

The Feminist Issues Committee of the Upper West Side Lesbian and Gay Association is holding a *teach-in on Lesbian and Gay Parenting*, consisting of seven workshops covering lesbian and gay legal problems, becoming a parent, gay fathers, lesbian mothers, lovers of gay and lesbian parents, the special problems of third world gay and lesbian parents, and children of lesbian and gay parents.

Participants can attend three workshops, each ending with a plenary session.

The teach-in is being held Saturday, February 28, from 12:00 to 5:00 at the West-Park Presbyterian Church, 165 W. 86th Street (corner of Amsterdam), and is easily accessible by subway (IRT Broadway local to 86th Street). Day care services are available by calling 799-3298 by February 25. Refreshments will be served and a \$2.00 donation at the door is required. For more information, call 799-3298.

BEST BUYS AROUND

For those who do not yet have all the gay reference materials out yet, here is a wonderful opportunity to purchase them at very good discounts through Publishers Central Bureau, a firm that offers books and records at up to 83% off original publisher's prices.

Available from their latest catalogue are the following items (and their order numbers and prices):

<i>Gay Source: A Catalog For Men</i>	
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Besides these, the listing includes records, reference guides, out-of-prints, as well as photo folios and novels. Postage is \$2.10 and they accept both Visa and MasterCard. Order from:

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TOTAL ECLIPSE

The newly-formed Rockey Road Theater Company has chosen Christopher Hampton's *Total Eclipse* as its premier production.

First produced in London in 1968, *Total Eclipse* is an exploration of the love/hate relationship of the 19th century poets Paul Valaine and Arthur Rimbaud. The play traces the progressions of this relationship from bourgeois and artistic society into a timeless and violent world they build together.

It opens Thursday, February 19 at 9:30 p.m. All evening performances are at 9:30 with Sunday matinees at 4:30. For reservations and ticket information call the La Mama box office at 475-7710.



EROTIC ART

The Hibbs Gallery seminar series, *A Continuing Aesthetic: Gay and Lesbian art in the 80's*, continues on February 16 with a discussion of erotic art chaired by Lou Weingarden of the Stompers Gallery, Tee Corinne, and Bernard Zolto.

On the following Monday, February 23, the seminar will be about *The Male*

Tom of Finland courtesy of International Gay History Archive of New York

Artist, lead by Dennis Cordell, Robert Adsit, and Burton Clarke, an illustrator for both *Christopher Street* and the *Native*.

All seminars are held at the Washington Square United Methodist Church, 135 West 4th Street, Monday evenings at 8:00, and a contribution of \$3.00 per session is requested. For information call: 947-3130.

LAW AND HEALTH

Counseling and Consulting Services, Inc., will be holding a two day conference titled *The Gay And Lesbian Law and Health*, at the Rhode Island College Faculty Center on February 20 & 21.

The object of the weekend is to let participants know their rights with different topics such as government representation, adoption and custody, and substance abuse. Groups are chaired by representatives of those agencies and organizations relevant to the topic (such as Robin McCormack of the Boston Mayor's office on government and the Director of the Rhode Island Department of Children and Their Families for the panel on adoption).

Registration at the door is \$40.00 per day. Legal issues will be discussed on Friday, February 20, and substance abuse on Saturday, February 21. For further details contact William J. Pelliccio, (401) 847-7229.

JOIN THE MORAL MAJORITY

This was not a typographical error. Think for a second, how does an organization continue to function? On the contributions of its followers. But everything that organization does costs money. *Including postage!*

If every lesbian and gay man was on the Moral Majority mailing list, the cost in postage alone could put many small businesses into bankruptcy.

In addition, each mailing includes a postage-paid envelope for you to send back a contribution. May we suggest contributing lead slugs (they pay for each letter by weight), torn magazines, or a note informing the group how you feel about them.



GREENWICH GETS GUEST GROTT

Greenwich Village finally has its first guest house, Incentra Village House. Located at 32 Eighth Avenue (just six blocks from Christopher Street and three blocks from the Mine Shaft), I.V.H. offers unoriented visitors to the Village a tour of the historic areas of the city as well as a view of the night spots in the neighborhood.

Rates are \$40.00 for a single and \$50.00 for a double. Weekly and monthly rates are available. For more information call: 691-7010.



Photo: Roy Bailey

GAY THEATER

Terry Helbing, co-founder of Gay Theater Alliance and publisher of the *Directory of Gay Plays*, will be a speaker for the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors Sunday Night Speaker and Social Series, on February 22 at 8 p.m.

Mr. Helbing will also be presenting a slide show entitled: *Gay Theater in America*.

A coffee/tea social follows the program, held at 25 St. Marks Place, and a donation is requested.

WHAT YOU STILL DIDN'T READ ABOUT LULU

by Larry Mass, M.D.

There has been a great deal of recent press about Alan Berg's expressionist masterpiece, *Lulu*, which is being presented with its posthumously completed third act in opera houses around the world. Among the best critical essays was Gregory Sandow's "What you didn't Read About Lulu" (*The Village Voice*, January 21, 1981). Most critics display crippling reticence in explaining the overtly feminist perspective of the opera. Not Sandow. His observation that "(Lulu's) supposedly destructive sexuality is really a ghastly male view of women that she's acting out" is the strongest clarification of *Lulu's* meaning I've yet encountered.

But there's one bit of *Lulubilia* that you still haven't read, not even in Sandow's fine article. It concerns the Countess Geschwitz, the first major overtly homosexual character to enter this popular repertoire. To my knowledge, this timely fact has yet to be acknowledged by any critic anywhere. Its *Gustavus* or Britten's *Peter Grimes*, *Billy Budd*, and *John Claggart*. And there are more than inferences in such contemporary rarities as *Giustina's Bomarzo*, Tippet's *The Knot Garden*, and Britten's *Death In Venice*. But *Lulu* is, I believe, the first written among these operas that deal explicitly with homosexuality. Certainly it is the first and only such opera to achieve widespread popularity and critical status as one of the supreme masterpieces of operatic history.

The subject of homosexuality in opera should be intelligently and maturely discussed. Our best and most powerful critics too often reiterate their most predictable opinions. Yet it is just these individuals who best understand that the most powerful of all critics, history, is also the least predictable. What was excused yesterday for reticence may be indicted tomorrow for evasion.



WRITE NOW!

Every June 21, the Federal Communications Commission requires that all licensed television stations apply for license renewal and in order to do that, they must notify viewers that they have the right (and obligation) to send them comments on how they feel the station has met the needs of their viewers.

Considering the CBS special on San Francisco homosexuals, the lack of any type of gay character on NBC, ABC's persuasion change of Jodie on *Soap*, Jack Ritter on *Three's Company*, the sit-com with two guys living as drag queens in a women's dormitory, and their new stereotype on *Dynasty* (giving ABC the lead in portraying gays in every manner imaginable), WPIX with their *700 Club Special*, WOR omitting any gay references in all movies (like the Robert Redford incident in *Inside Daisy Clover*) except on their British imports, and the lack of anything at all on WNEW, every gay New Yorker should write each of these stations and say: "You are not meeting the needs of an entire community. We want positive gay and lesbian characters and programming!"



Photo: Harold Jay Klein

GRAB A COCK

As of February 5, this becomes the Chinese Year of the Cock, and what better way to display your support for the year 4679 than by wearing your cock proudly.

These shirts were designed by Bunny Ryals and may be ordered from her directly by sending \$10.00 to:

Shirts may also be purchased at the Pleasure Chest and are available in sizes small through extra large.
Gung bay fat choy, everyone!

Bunny Ryals
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Photos courtesy of BONSAI, a Sunset Book

BONSAI



The Brooklyn Botanical Garden will be holding an exhibit on the Japanese art of Bonsai, the creating, shaping, and growing of miniature trees and bushes.

This particular form of gardening is well suited for the apartment dweller, letting you have a flowering crabapple tree, hundred-year-old oaks, and clumps of birch growing right in your living-room.

Opening February 23 and continuing through March 22, the display will be at Rockefeller Center, 8:30 to 5:00.

There will be more information on the exhibit and bonsai in the next issue of *Native*.



JAZZ, POP, RYTHM, BLUES

Walter Kerr of the *New York Times* described Jenny Burton like this: "Her liquid voice rises from gospel quavers to stratospheric flights into octaves that have surely never existed."

Jenny will be performing at the West Bank Cafe at 11:00 p.m. on February 20 and 27. For reservations call: 695-6909.



Gays to get high on Mount Everest

London (UPI)—An expedition to the foothills of Mount Everest is being planned by a team of British homosexuals.

Philip Judson, a 36-year-old research scientist, said he hopes to take a party of 12 homosexuals—not necessarily all male—to the Himalayas in November.

The aim is a four-week expedition that would take the climbers to a base camp 18,000 feet above sea level on the 29,029-foot peak, he said. But Judson said their would be no attempt to reach the summit.



AN EVENING WITH JOAN CRAWFORD and JOAN CRAWFORD and JOAN CRAWFORD...

One of the most embarrassing events of this theatrical season had to be the fiasco at the Orpheum during the February 1 production of *An Evening With Joan Crawford* when 100 free seats were offered to those attending dressed as the legend and competing in the Joan Crawford Look-alike Contest held following the matinee performance.

While the show itself is a bomb, it could not have prepared the audience for what was to follow. After the performance ended and the stage manager announced the contest, a fifteen minute wait began during which television crews set up their cameras and newspaper people began loading their 35s.

Then came the moment of great anticipation and... no contenders! A second announcement, a pause in the theater; Mr. Sparks (who plays Joan in the show) going into the pit and grabbing someone dressed as he onto the stage and declaring him a winner.

Whatever Happened to Baby Blanche?
Wherever she is, she isn't here.

Best Seller List

Hardbound

1. *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, by John Boswell (University of Chicago, \$27.50).
2. *Kevin*, by Wallace Hamilton (St. Martin's Press, \$10.95).
3. *Contract with the World*, by Jane Rule (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.95).
4. *Music for Chameleons*, by Truman Capote (Random House, \$10.95).
5. *Aphrodisiac: Fiction from Christopher Street Magazine* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$12.95).

Paperbound

1. *Skinflck*, by Joseph Hansen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$2.95).
2. *The Lure*, by Felice Picano (Dell, \$2.75).
3. *Death Claims*, by Joseph Hansen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$2.95).
4. *Fade Out*, by Joseph Hansen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$2.95).
5. *The Catch Trap*, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ballantine, \$3.50).

All submissions for the Urban Affairs section should be sent to:

Harold Jay Klein
Christopher Street Magazine
250 West 57th Street, Suite 417
New York City, N.Y. 10107

HINSON RESIGNS AFTER THIRD SODOMY ARREST

For the second time in his congressional career, and just two weeks after beginning his second term, Rep. John C. Hinson was arrested on charges of homosexual conduct after a raid on the men's room of the Longworth House Office Building on February 4 "caught them in the act."

Hinson and his partner, identified as Harold Moore, a 28-year-old Library of Congress clerk from Oxon Hill, Maryland, were watched by four undercover men through a secret opening in a wall. "After our spotters ascertained what they were doing to each other, we moved in," reported Deputy Capitol Police Chief Gilbert Abernathy. We found them in various stages of undress. Very definitely you could say we caught them with their pants down."

But while Abernathy was rather jovial as he chatted with reporters, the situation was anything but humorous to Hinson who was arrested in 1976 for committing an "obscene act" at the two Jima Memorial in Arlington National

Cemetery. A year later he nearly lost his life in a fire at a gay theater, and he has announced that he will be leaving his position as Representative from Mississippi and begin treatment.

Earlier that day the police staged a similar raid in which they arrested Jetton S. Douglas, 28, a lobbyist for Children's Rights, Inc., and Kerry L. Jones, 36, a staff member with the Democratic Study Group. They were each charged with oral and rectal sodomy.

Though Hinson was originally charged with a felony, punishable by up to 10 years in jail and a fine of as much as \$10,000, the charges were reduced to a misdemeanor, which carries a maximum one-year penalty and a fine of \$1,000. Hinson pleaded not guilty to that and was released without bail.

One of Hinson's fellow politicians from his home state told the *Times*, "What really infuriates us here is that he did it with a black man."

—Harold Jay Klein

STILL AT LARGE

The 6th precinct has released the description of an assailant who brutally beat a gay male in his own Manhattan apartment. The victim (whose identity is being withheld until an arrest is made) suffered severe head injuries and broken ribs.

After meeting his attacker on a Sunday afternoon at Trilogy on Christopher Street and spending some time together, the victim invited the other man to his apartment. When they entered his bedroom, the guest slammed the door and revealed an automatic pistol. At gunpoint, he volunteered that his assailant could have money or what ever he wanted. The gun-holder responded, "You don't tell me what I can take. I take what I want. I wasted someone last week, I can do it again." He then gave

the victim a judo-type smack, tore the telephone off the hook, and beat him with the receiver. The victim was knocked out and when he later regained consciousness, bled on the floor and was found by the person in the apartment below.

The description of the still-wanted assailant is:

White male, age between 20 and 24. Sandy hair, blue-green eyes, high cheek bones, no notable physical scars or disfigurements. He was wearing designer blue jeans, white sneakers, a grey sweatshirt, and a dark blue zipper jacket.

After describing him to police, the victim added, "He looked like Joe College."

—David Rothenberg

CHEMICAL JUDGES DEPOSITOR'S MORALS

Chemical Bank, which last month attempted to close the personal and corporate accounts of pornographic peep-show magnate Martin Hoda, left open the possibility that gay oriented businesses could receive the same treatment.

Alexis White, a public relations officer for the bank would not do business with firms that were "not compatible with Chemical's reputation" as the nation's sixth largest bank. Ms. White refused to elaborate on why Hoda's operations were incompatible with bank policy.

As to whether gay businesses met Chemical's standards, White said the

bank would consider them on a case-by-case basis. She refused to discuss specific kinds of businesses, such as baths, because of Hoda's suit against the bank.

Chemical's policy of not dealing with certain types of businesses contrasted with that of other major New York banks which *Native* contacted.

Chase Manhattan Bank requires loan officers to consider the "ethical merits of the project to be funded," public relations officer Charles Francis explained. He added, however, that public standards vary, and that there is "serious question" as to whether a bank should determine those standards.

A spokesperson for Manufacturer's Hanover Trust said his bank would turn

Black and White Men Together has begun a new policy of exposing, protesting, and filing charges against any gay establishment that has a discriminatory policy. The first establishment tested by the group was Circle disco on East 54th Street.

On Friday, January 23, eight members of the group (four black and four white) attempted to enter the new disco. Two white/white and black/black couples attempted to enter the bar separately.

The all-white couples were welcomed and invited to sign up for the club's regular mailings, while the black couples were stopped and "courtesy cards" were requested. When asked how they could acquire these cards, they were presented with applications by the management. They were told to fill the forms out at home and they would hear from Circles in 3-4 weeks notifying them whether or not the applications had been approved.

The "Courtesy Card Application" asked such personal questions as bank references, three credit cards and their account numbers, employer (and if at

the present job for less than three years, the name of a previous employer), astrological sign, and the names of four current card holders. The implications are more than obvious, especially considering that there are no other card holders (Circles is not a private club) and these references would be impossible to come by.

On Friday and Saturday, February 6 and 7, BWMT held a picket outside Circles as well as filing a report with the State Division on Human Rights. Almost as soon as the picket began at 10:15, Circles' management called the police who responded and checked the group's permit. One member of the Disco's staff was watching from the door and remarked to another inside the lobby, "Now they'll get rid of those fuckers." But after seeing that police permits were in order, the officers left and within an hour Circles was willing to give a written apology to the group and to the men involved, as well as a promise that there would be no further discrimination attempts.

—Harold Jay Klein

Knight

GOOD NIGHT, KNIGHT LIFE

Knight Life, the gay male entertainment magazine, ended one-and-a-half years of publication with its December issue.

Publisher Greg Edwards said, "It was impossible to get gay people to pay their bills," and that he had no plans for any future publications.

"HE WAS ONLY A FAGGOT"

On February 1st at Mariella Pizza at 180 3rd Avenue, a man in full leather regalia dragged a younger man, who appeared to be high on drugs, out of the parlor after the younger man assaulted him with a beer bottle.

Once on the sidewalk, the man was turned over to police from the 13th precinct, who were in the area. The man in leather kept yelling to the alleged "basher" to "tell the police what happened... tell them!"

The victim was taken out of sight and hearing range for questioning and when they returned the younger man was questioned, after which they were heard to tell him, "Get going. He was only a faggot."

Despite this being said in front of witnesses, the precinct involved categorically denies that any of its officers "would say anything like that."

—Bruce Eves

TOP PSYCHIATRY JOURNAL CLAIMS RELIGIOUS CONVERSION OF GAYS

The December, 1980 issue of *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, the official publication of the American Psychiatric Association, has published a study from the Medical College of Georgia that purports to "provide a substantial body of evidence for the plausibility of change from exclusive homosexuality to exclusive heterosexuality."

Continued on next page.

away firms it believed engaged in illegal action, but that they were "not in the business of defining what's socially acceptable."

Susan Weeks, a spokesperson for Citibank, said the bank had refused doing business with "a variety of companies" for a "variety of reasons," but declined to give examples. She said there was no policy, and that the bank judged all cases individually.

The President of the gay-oriented Greater Gotham Business Council, Dino Yardin, said that he knew of no cases of bank discrimination against member firms.

—David Feinberg

continued from last page

The paper, "Ex-Gay: Religiously Mediated Change in Homosexuality" by E. Mansell Pattison and Myrna Lor Pattison, was first presented in Chicago at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in May of 1979.

During his recent lecture on "Psychiatric Homophobia" at Gracie Square Hospital in New York, Professor A. Damien Martin of New York University characterized the article as "a typical example of the pseudo-science of prejudice. It classically fulfills Allport's three criteria for defining prejudice: it reflects a negative attitude, based on error, derived from over generalization. Typical of this bias is the author's

repeated refrain that homosexuals cannot have 'mature nonerotic relationships.'" Professor Martin believes that this study will prove to be the most exemplary of contemporary contributions to his ongoing study, *The Rhetoric of Homophobia*.

In an editorial accompanying the Pattison study, Dr. Marc Galanter of Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York concluded that such studies "suggest roles for self-help activities and religious conversion vis-a-vis mental health. Further, they point to the value of developing models for these group psychological processes based on an empirical observation."

—Lawrence Mass, M.D.

Jury Box

by Bob Downy

As we are going to press, Bruce Allison and Patrick Sutherland, two members of the Chelsea gang that prey on homosexuals, are being tried for this past summer's vicious beating of a gay man walking through the 13th Street park, and then taking his radio.

What is happening in this case is that Allison and Sutherland's own witnesses are contradicting each other and the sworn statements taken from the two when they were originally picked up by the police and identified by their alleged victim.

Marc Diaz testified on February 9 that she was with Allison the entire evening. While being questioned about the night of the incident she said that she saw Sutherland at the Blue Parrot disco. She testified that the Blue Parrot did not serve food while the A.D.A. assigned to the case, Dan McNulty, provided evidence that it did.

When Diaz finished testifying, McNulty handed her a transcript of Allison's statement, showing her the contradictions between her testimony and what Allison had said occurred the night of the incident.

Also called to the stand was another witness identified only as Christine. She also testified to their being in the Blue Parrot, that they met another girl named Debbie, and then the four of them went back to Allison's apartment—except for Debbie who left the group and went home—where they played cards until 5:15 a.m. when they went out roller skating.

The A.D.A. had Christine read from People's Exhibit Nine, the statement made by Allison: "I didn't commit the crime because I was roller skating and there were three witnesses. One was Marie, one was Christine, and one was Debbie Evans," who Christine testified had already left.

On February 18, Ronald Crumpley returns to Part 40, 11th Floor, at 10 a.m. Crumpley is the suspect in the November shooting at the Ramrod in which six men were injured and two were killed.

Crumpley's psychiatric report was confirmed at the last hearing on January

30 that he was fit to stand trial.

The Assistant D.A. assigned to the case has requested that the defense have their own psychiatrist examine Crumpley to determine his sanity at the time of the incident to prevent further delays on the 18th.

On February 25, sentencing will be handed down on Vincent Maiorano who after meeting two men in a bar along with Nicolas Lettessee, and going to their East-side apartment, stabbed one victim to death and left the other one seriously wounded.

Lettessee received a sentence of 8 to sixteen years in prison (making him eligible for parole in only three years) on February 4.

Sentencing will take place in Room Part 51, 6th floor, at 111 Center Street. (Unless otherwise indicated, all trials are held at 100 Center Street. "Part" refers to the room designation.)

Michael Petito and Patrick Moyse, accused of attacking a gay man roller skating on Christopher Street, and David Sasser, who went to his aid, on November 16, will be having a Wade and Hundley Hearing on February 23.

A Huntley is designed to establish how evidence was secured, and a Wade is to determine how the identities of the assailants were confirmed. The question of identification and evidence are not an issue at this time, but the judge felt that this would prevent a call for a mistrial at a later date.

It is important for the gay community to attend as many of these trials as each of us can to inform the D.A.'s office that we are watching the proceedings and for the Judges to take note that their decisions are being monitored.

If you are a victim of an anti-gay act of violence, please call the Chelsea Gay Hotline: 691-7950. Leave your name, phone number, and say that it refers to violence and a member will get back to you.

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU FATHER AND SON. YOU MAY KISS THE GROOM.

A New York Family Court judge has ruled that the state may not prohibit the willing adoption of one homosexual by another solely on the basis of their homosexuality.

In "Matter of Adult Anonymous," decided February 3, Judge Leon Deutsch allowed two Brooklyn men, 27 and 23 years old, to adopt each other. Hoping for irrevocable protection of their property and their estates—not to mention their love life—the men had approached the court with adoption papers last year.

According to Rosalyn Richter, executive director of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, court officials followed the standard operating procedure of paying a visit to the men's homes before approving the adoption. "It was apparent they were lovers," said Richter. "To say the least, the court thought this was a little unusual."

At the time, consensual sodomy was illegal in New York State, and Richter said the Family Court doubted it could legally approve a relationship in which illegal acts would almost certainly take place. Judge Deutsch withheld his decision in the adoption proceeding pending the ruling of the state Court of Appeals in *People vs. Onofre*, a case that

tested the state's anti-sodomy statute. The law was overturned December 18.

Deutsch said, "The Court of Appeals in this significant decision not merely eliminated consensual homosexuality as a crime in this state, thereby removing the penal law as a public policy consideration in the matter of an adoption between two consenting adult homosexuals, but its eloquent pronouncements have considerable import for the wider public policy consideration of public morality."

Richter said, "In some respects, [the adoption ruling] is more of a symbolic precedent than it is a case that comes up regularly. But as far as I know, it's the first post-Onofre decision on a non-sex basis." Onofre is expected to prove an important precedent in several areas of gay rights litigation.

While approving the mutual adoption of the two Brooklyn men, Deutsch noted that other procedures can be used to establish a legal bond between gay couples. Because an adoption is permanent, he said, couples should not expect to use it to establish a pseudo-marriage.

As Richter noted, "There's no divorce from an adoption."

—Brett Averill

THE VERDICT IS IN!

On February 10, the jury returned a decision against Bruce Allison and Patrick Sutherland, the men accused of beating and robbing a gay man at the 13th Street park (see The Jury Box).

After a short deliberation, both men were found guilty of two counts of robbery in the second degree, each in aiding the other to commit a robbery, and each on "causing physical injury while in the process of committing robbery."

Each of these men is presently out on bail, Allison on \$3,500, posted by his mother, and Sutherland on \$2,000,

posted by an organization called New York City Youth Corps.

Robbery in the second degree carries a maximum jail sentence of 15 years and a minimum of only 1½ years. When they are sentenced on March 18, they will be before Judge Hortense Gabel, a woman most noted for her leniency with crimes against gay individuals. In this case, it might mean minimum sentences and those sentences suspended.

Jay Watkins, a member of the Chelsea Gay Hotline, suggests that the courtroom be filled on the 18th so that the judge is aware that the community is monitoring the situation.

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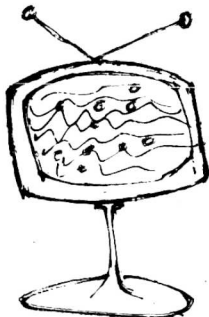
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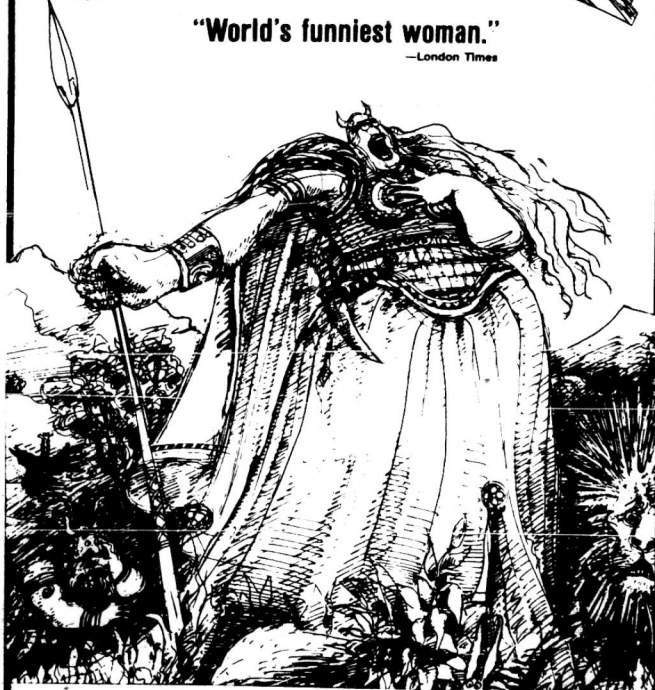
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STRAIGHTS FOR GAYS

A new organization begun about five months ago and limited to straight members is "Straights for Gays."

President Lucile Duberman states, "Our primary purpose of to help the gay and lesbian movement in whatever manner we can, particularly politically and educationally."

"At the moment we are focussing on working for the passage of the civil rights bill for lesbians and gay men through

the City Council.

They welcome any new members who would like to work towards these goals. "With the exception of Parents for Gays (which is not the same thing), we are the only organization of this kind in the country."

If anyone is interested they can write to Ms. Duberman at: Three Washington Square Village, N.Y.C. 10012, or call 473-6578.

Amnesty International Nears Decision on Gay Rights

The French gay newspaper *Gai Pied* has reported that Amnesty International, the Nobel prize-winning human rights organization, is edging towards the defense of gay people imprisoned throughout the world.

If adopted by the world congress at its meeting in October of this year the resolution will immediately become effective for Amnesty sections in 102 countries. With the help of the organization as a whole, these sections would be charged with investigating their respective governments on the imprisonment of gays, publicizing the results, and bringing international pressure to bear on governments which refuse to comply with Amnesty's declaration. The proposal's underlying principles derive from the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to which all states are parties by virtue of membership in the

As reported in the February issue, the French section of Amnesty International will propose to the organization's world congress that incarcerated homosexuals be considered prisoners of conscience. The French section has more than 25,000 members and is regarded as one of the most influential in Amnesty.

United Nations.

In related developments, Amnesty International's secretariat in London has asked the Luxembourg section to begin preparing a dossier on the imprisonment of gays, and Swedish members of Amnesty are preparing a questionnaire on the situation, to be sent to each country.

Gai Pied, however, criticized the vagueness of French Amnesty's definition of a gay prisoner of conscience, a definition that it says gives "priority to artists and political individuals accused of homosexuality, leaving others the task of freeing those which a neighbor might have had thrown into prison by simple informing. Public morality—that which still exists—encarcerates not only for reasons of state."

In spite of this reservation, and the risk that it might alienate more militant gays and members of Amnesty, the French action, with its potential acceptance by the entire organization, is viewed as a major step forward for gay liberation by providing an opportunity for gays around the globe to make their voices heard through the world's largest, most visible, and most respected human rights organization.

—Mark Blasius

ONE MO' TIME

On February 6 State Assemblyman Bill Passanante introduced two bills to repeal the state's sodomy law and to establish civil rights for gay people for the sixth time.

Legislative assistant Juanita Jacobs said that both bills each carried the same fourteen sponsors, twice the number of sponsors in the previous session when neither bill made it out of committee.

Jacobs predicted easy passage for the sodomy law repeal as a result of the state's highest court declaring it unconstitutional last December. She added that the bill was still necessary to take the law off the books.

The Assembly has defeated the bills on the floor three times; the civil rights bill in 1971 and 1976, and the sodomy repeal in 1976.

—David Feinberg

"STEVE THE MATCHMAKER" ONLY LIP SERVICE

On February 6, Richard Berger filed a complaint in Small Claims Court to recover \$250 he paid to a dating service for gays.

Berger, a personnel executive, charged Steve Nemerovsky of Brooklyn, operator of "Steve the Matchmaker," with deception and faulty advertising. Nemerovsky also runs "Contact," a listing service that services primarily out-of-town.

Nemerovsky has regularly advertised his matchmaking service in the *Village Voice* classifieds. The advertisement, which carries no address, promises "personalized introductions."

Berger said that none of the six men he met through the service met his preferred specifications: casual, masculine, between 27 and 37-years-old, dark hair, mustache, and medium height.

Of the two men Berger met, one was much too old, unmasculine, and blond. The other was also not within Berger's specifications. He also spoke with several others by telephone but concluded they were "not worth looking at" because they had little in common.

When Berger asked if Nemerovsky was "seeing a guy," Nemerovsky answered, "I've had a relationship for several months," implying that he was gay. He later admitted it was with a woman, insisting he nevertheless had

gay friends.

Although Nemerovsky allegedly told Berger he would "continually provide people," He only did so once a month. In addition, the \$250 was only good for twelve introductions.

Eileen Quigley of the city's Department of Consumer Affairs said there were 19 complaints against dating services in 1980. She thought the actual number of cases was greater, but because it is a "sensitive" issue, "people do not complain as much."

This embarrassment might explain why no complaints had been filed against Steve the Matchmaker. Four other people questioned had similar complaints. None of them, however, would agree to an interview.

The service operates strictly by word of mouth. When called for a brochure, Nemerovsky said he had "nothing to mail out at this time." Berger said there was no written contract.

Quigley advises people considering a dating service to make sure there is a contract and to read it. You should make especially sure whether there is an "escape clause" that relieves the operator of responsibility, as well as any refund policy. Quigley also warned against sending money in the mail and urged consumers to get and keep receipts.

—David Feinberg

Police Bust 253 in Toronto Baths

Police in Toronto have arrested more than 250 men in raids on four gay baths in that Canadian city.

According to staff members of *The Body Politic*, a gay monthly newspaper published in Toronto, police simultaneously staged all four raids at 11:30 p.m. Thursday, February 5. About 200 police officers were involved in the operation.

The Body Politic said 253 men were arrested. Customers of the bathhouses were charged with being found in a common bawdy house, while owners and employees were charged as being keepers of common bawdy houses.

According to *The Body Politic*, the statute of Canadian law prohibiting common bawdy houses is generally considered to be archaic. The law defines a "common bawdy house" as being a place in which prostitution or "gross indecency" take place; it is unclear whether gay baths fit this definition.

During the raids, police caused about \$25,000 worth of damage to the four bathhouses: The Barracks, Richmond Street Health Emporium, Le Roman Sauna, and the Club Baths, part of a chain based in the U.S. Andrew Mullin of *The Body Politic* said officers shattered mirrors and used crowbars to

break down doors. There was no physical abuse of the men by the police, he said, "although there were epithets hurled—the usual fear tactics."

Community reaction to the Thursday night raids was strong and swift. On Friday night about 3,000 people held a protest rally, blocking traffic on a major Toronto thoroughfare, and marched to a nearby police station, Division 52, where they confronted police. Officers clearly expected trouble: several of them removed their badges to prevent identification in case of altercations.

"It was a very angry demonstration, but there were only a few incidents of damaged property," Mullin said. "It was probably the largest and angriest gay-rights demonstration in Toronto history."

According to *The Body Politic*, the fury has not been limited to the gay community. Some moderate politicians and segments of the straight press have publicly expressed rage, and a mass meeting held the Tuesday following the raids attracted a fair turnout from straights, as well as many of the men who had been arrested. Additionally, the Right to Privacy Committee, an organization formed last year, has been organizing the defense of the found-ins.

Collage: Jack Keely

D.C. Desk

by Larry Bush

A decade ago, gays went to the barricades and fought with the psychiatric establishment to get homosexuality taken off the list of mental disorders. It was a heated and significant battle for both sides, and its outcome was to create an alliance that has played a major role in gay civil rights.

Today, the basis for that alliance is vulnerable, according to a book due out on the stands in April. The book, by Ronald Bayer, is the product of the prestigious Hastings Institute, and the fact that it raises this prospect should be taken very seriously.

Since gays convinced psychiatrists to reexamine their assumptions in classifying homosexuality as a mental illness, the gay civil rights movement has been able to count on their support in a host of areas. Prominent members of the psychiatric establishment, like Judd Marmor and John Speigel, appear to testify at major city and congressional hearings in support of gay rights legislation. The American Psychiatric Association (APA) position has been vital in child custody cases, in employment disputes, and in combatting the fundamentalist crusaders. The APA has become an invaluable ally; and it is now axiomatic that gay pitches begin, "as you know, in 1973 the APA..."

Thus the spectre of any unraveling of that support is a matter of some significance. Just that spectre arises from Bayer's book, *Homosexuality and American Psychiatry: The Politics of Diagnosis* (Basic Books).

Bayer provides an outstanding guide to the events and personalities that led to the 1973 reversal of the APA position on homosexuality. He gives an insider's view of the debate within the psychiatric bureaucracy, and faithfully records the emotions and commitments of the gay community. It is a first-rate job, and the book belongs on the shelf of anyone interested in either psychiatry or the gay community.

But it is in his concluding chapter that Bayer brings the debates of the past to the problems that now confront both psychiatrists and the gay community.

"Only if American society were to change dramatically in the next years would the 1973 decision... become securely rooted. There is every indication that the necessary social transformation will not occur," writes Bayer. "Whatever small prospect there had been in the recent past for the full integration of homosexuals into America's social life seems to have all but vanished."

Bayer points out that the APA decision removed a potent weapon from the arsenal of those who believe society must be protected from homosexuals.

That, of course, was the reason gays

were so adamant about the change. But Bayer points out that in 1973, psychiatrists were seen as lagging embarrassingly behind society in its attitude, whereas today, psychiatry sees itself as being too far in the vanguard on social acceptance of homosexuals. Unless public attitudes catch up, Bayer says, some accommodation will have to be reached, and it will be in a backward direction. The profession, as Bayer sees it, must stay somewhere within the hailing distance of society's attitudes if it is to be credible and have public trust.

A decision to reverse the APA position could be made from the remnants of the old policy, all of which was not discredited in 1973. Enough remains from the compromise at that time to provide a rationale for some listing of homosexuals in an abnormal category.

"If necessary," Bayer writes, "the psychiatric and scientific justification for once again declaring homosexuality an illness will be found... The desirability of such a reversal cannot be discounted."

While Bayer's reasoning is cogent and his exposition of the 1973 decision shows the leeway still available, it is not that alone which makes this book important. Bayer works under the auspices of the Hastings Institute, perhaps the country's premiere thinktank on medical ethics issues. It's director, Willard Galin, can be seen in American homes every week, talking about "Hard Choices" in medical ethics on public television.

Moreover, when Bayer's book is published it will carry endorsements from such figures as Dr. Robert Spitzer, the man who wrote the 1973 change for the Diagnostic Manual. My attention was drawn to the book by the APA's governmental relations director, who had no trouble seeing the book's impact on the dialogue on gay civil rights.

"Psychiatry really does reflect the values of society, and if society turns mean, that will have an impact on psychiatry," Bayer said in a telephone interview. "It's not a one-to-one relationship, and it's a real mistake to say if the mood in the country turns anti-gay, psychiatry will turn around on a dime and reverse their position."

But, Bayer adds, "The ability of psychiatry to maneuver is time-limited. Unless society at large moves, it becomes difficult to hold on."

The first thing to go, Bayer suggests, will be support for the assertion, never fully bought by the psychiatric community, that homosexuality is an acceptable lifestyle. By throwing that assertion into doubt, Bayer says, you undercut arguments in child-custody cases, in employment tests involving contact with young people, and even the formation of university gay-rights organizations.

"Society has a responsibility to throw its weight in the direction of heterosexuality 'in the interest of the kid,'" Bayer says he was told by many leading psychiatrists during his research. "Most said it is not a disease, but neither is it normal. Those who say it is on a par with heterosexuality are an extreme minority."

That is an argument, of course, that will be widely cheered in anti-gay camps. It is the opening they themselves have pursued in seeking cut-offs of government funds to groups which "advocate homosexuality as an acceptable alternative lifestyle." It's current manifestation is in the Family Protection Act, which also put Congress on record as opposing civil-rights guarantees to homosexuals.

Bayer does not see the threat of a reversal as coming from only outside the psychiatric community, however. He points out that "many, many psychiatric residents and training programs characterize homosexuality as a psychiatric disorder. In some ways, that is more crucial than the APA's decision. I think that's the route where change could take place, as they move up the ranks with that perspective."

Bayer does not see this change for the worse taking place overnight, but it falls within the clear and present danger that calls for action, he concludes.

"To diminish the likelihood of such an outcome will take powerful resistance on the part of a well-organized gay community and its psychiatric allies," is how he puts it in the last sentence of his book.

Gays hardly need to be told that, yet again, there are dangers in the Reagan years and in the continued public

acceptability of anti-gay movements. The fact is that this is true even for such fundamentals as the APA decision and is more frightening that we have heard before, but it merely extends the trend of uncertainty about our future.

More arresting is Bayer's point that there is not an endless supply of time in which to act. He says that already the APA is at the point where its leadership would not have reached the decision it did in 1973. He warns that anti-gay pressures are mounting on the profession from within and without.

His prescription is for "powerful resistance on the part of a well-organized gay community." It will be up to us to fill that prescription and to do it before the disease of anti-gay bigotry has run its course.

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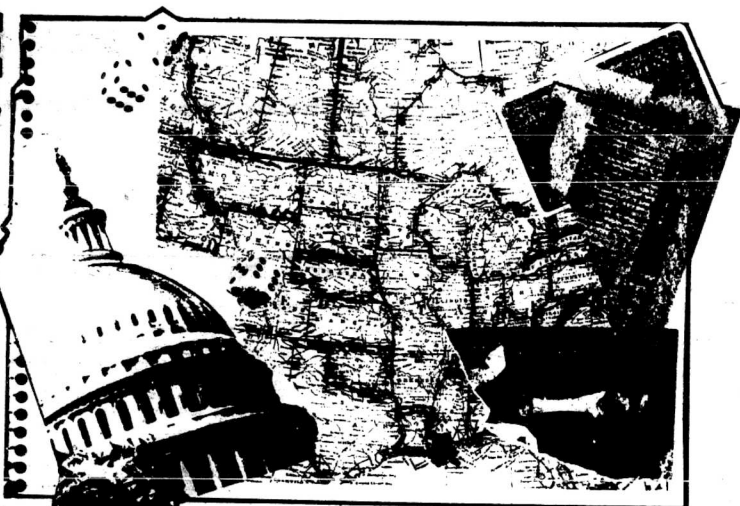
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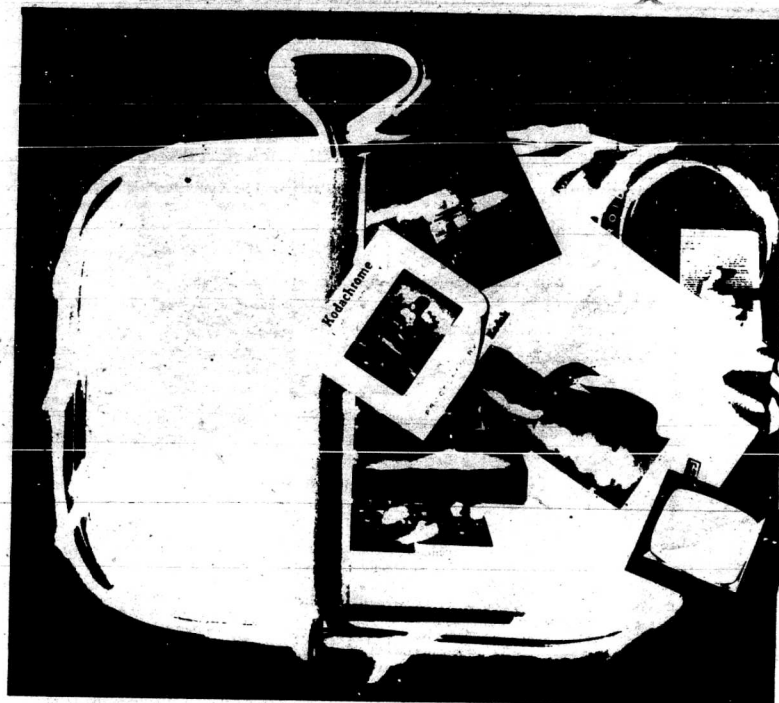
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Media Watch

By David Rothenberg



If you are seeking a clue as to how negative self-images are perpetuated *en masse*, the press offers an up-to-date reminder. The technique can be subtle, yet lethal.

Ray Walters authors a column called "Paperback Talk" in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*. On February 7, he opened his column with this paragraph:

Romantic realism. Today's teenage girls are tough-minded kids. The books they buy with their spending money are novels that depict the ugly side of society they know through experience or from watching television, a society fraught with unwed pregnancy, broken homes, drugs, homosexuality, and incest.

The matter-of-fact lumping of homosexuality with drugs and incest is a journalistic tradition, one which reinforces the negative image of gays that more than a few people already hold. It is little wonder that the Moral Majority puts us at the top of their hit list, when the *Times* stands ready to illuminate the target. Maybe it's Jerry Falwell who actually yields the hatchet, but many in the journalistic hierarchy would do well by reading Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. (It's getting reminiscent of the McCarthy era, when I heard people utter: "I don't approve of his methods, but someone has to do the job of weeding out the Communists.")

Vincent Navasky's recounting of the McCarthy witch-hunt days, *Naming Names*, reveals some startling homophobia. Dalton Trumbo, whose novel *Johnny Got His Gun* is a politically passionate tract, was brimming with human concerns. Trumbo was one of the Hollywood writers who were imprisoned because they espoused their political beliefs. In December 1948, he wrote a let-

ter to his agent, Meta Rosenberg, in which he asked:

Now in view of the fact that association with me or my involvement . . . I am moved to ask what kind of people are not harmful to his reputation? Would he, for example, hesitate to enter into a legitimate deal with . . . any of the dozens of pervers, homosexuals and lesbians, who work so prominently in pictures?"

Alas, we can only hope that Trumbo's consciousness was raised in later years, prior to his death.

Again the *New York Post*. On February 7, Page Six gossip columnist James Brady headed his column "Cops Get Course in Gay Behavior." It is distorted reporting. Brady is surfacing as one of those male writers who can't report on any gay issues without a snide aside, who feel compelled to assert their heterosexual credentials by maligning gay men.

Brady writes:

They're not just learning the fine points of riot control and sharp-shooting over at the New York Police Academy. By the end of this year, some 2500 police officers will also have learned about lesbians and gay men in a social science course called "Myths/Learned Behavior." Each of them will see a 40-minute "gay awareness" video tape dramatizing that police officers are professionally bound to treat gays without discrimination. . . . The first tape was shown to cadets on December 29th and 30th in 15 different classes. But some of our local boys in blue aren't real thrilled with the new class. During the first showing of the film, which includes cameo performances by

officers from the Sixth Precinct, at least five police cadets shouted that homosexuals were abnormal and nothing was going to change their 'minds. . . . One instructor, Joe Rivers, complained that "people said the film was shoved down their throats . . . that there was political pressure from the mayor's office to get it done." No other minority groups sent emissaries directly into the police classrooms, although one police textbook does devote several chapters to New York's black, Hispanic, and Asian communities.

As one who participated in two classroom sessions at the Police Academy—and who viewed the video tape—let me suggest that Brady return to Journalism 101. His article is bad reporting and dangerous politics.

Gay men and lesbians who participated in the seminars held a post-mortem "review" session. A few reported the isolated challenging of our existence. In every instance, the other students responded to the question. Overwhelmingly, the police recruits—much more so than the older, in-service cops—saw us as a legitimate resource for a real part of the community. The police trainees seemed more enlightened, in fact, than much of the press corps.

More to the point, the reason for the dialogue was because of the long history of bad relations between the gay community and the police. Brady failed to point out that gays as victims of crimes traditionally have not been equal to other victims. Some gay men who have been victimized still do not report crimes because of their fear of disclosure. These are specifics of gay-related crimes about which law enforcement people must become aware. Employees in criminal justice cannot hope to reduce crime when offenders are given license to continue by virtue of their se-

lection of certain victims.

Brady also failed to report accurately about the video tape. Sixth Precinct cops did not make "cameo" appearances. The tape is a dialogue between two cops and a gay male and a lesbian who discuss the specifics of gays and the cops.

The following accounts arise from the same news story, different newspaper files.

Here's what the *Daily News* said on January 25:

One man was injured and more than a dozen persons escaped unharm when the roof of a midtown movie house featuring homosexual films partially collapsed yesterday.

The cause of the 4:15 p.m. collapse at the David Cinema, 236 W. 54th Street, was not immediately known, but police at the scene said the weight of ice that accumulated on the roof may have caused the cave-in.

Same subject, also January 25, in the *Times*:

A movie patron was slightly injured yesterday afternoon when ice falling from a nearby building plunged through the roof of the New David Cinema at 236 W. 54th Street, between Broadway and 8th Avenue. The police said the patron, whose name was not disclosed, was released after treatment at St. Claire's Hospital. The police said they had not been able to pinpoint where the ice had fallen from.

You get two gold stars if you can identify the missing word in the *Times* coverage.

Mississippi Congressman John C. Hinson, arrested for sodomy in the House Office Building, provoked a predictable outburst of journalistic insensitivity. The February 5 *Post* subhead read, "Caught With His Pants Down."

"Keep 'em in the Ghetto"

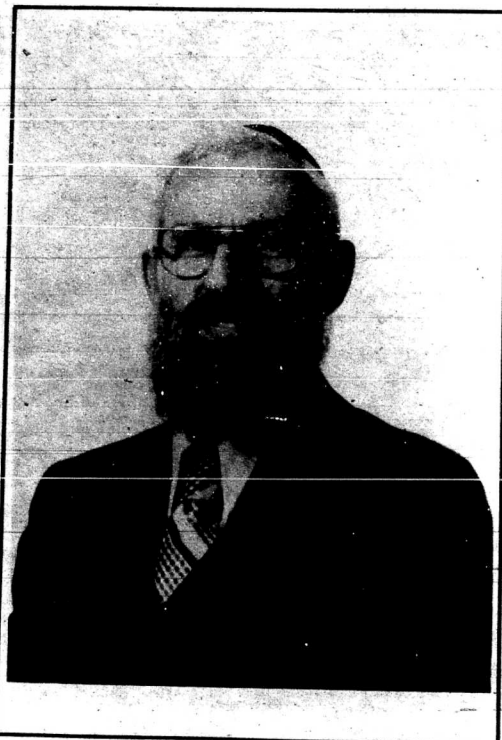
A Rabbi Speaks Up for the Moral Majority

by Paul Grossman

By now Rabbi Abraham Hecht should be notorious within the gay community. Spiritual leader of the Shear Zion Congregation on Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn, Hecht is also president of the Rabbinical Alliance of America. Boasting a membership of over five hundred orthodox rabbis—many of whom besides having pulpits, are teachers and administrators at various Hebrew academies—the Rabbinical Alliance claims to have a "decided effect" upon the conscience of literally hundreds of thousands of traditionally oriented Jews across the United States and Canada. Considering that many political strategists recognize the orthodoxy to constitute the single most cohesive voting block within the Jewish community, this "decided effect" is portentous, to say the least.

Although the Rabbinical Alliance has supported the ethics and morality—of "Torah Judaism" since its founding forty years ago, it has only recently—under Hecht, in fact—become politically engaged. Calling for a return to "Bible morality," the Rabbinical Alliance as spearheaded by Hecht has engaged in a full slate of "ethically oriented" issues ranging from birth control (a "threat to the existence of the Jewish people") through capital punishment (the "sole legitimate punishment for murderous predators who victimize the innocent") and gay rights (a "danger to family life and a reversion to the abominations of pagan civilization"). This agenda has had the unfortunate consequence of making political bedfellows of orthodox Jewish rabbis and New Christian Right fundamentalist evangelicals. As with the New Christian Right, the issue of gay rights seems to have done the most to drive these pious devotees out of the pulpits and into the courtrooms and legislative halls.

I spoke with Rabbi Hecht in the privacy of his paneled study at his Ocean Parkway synagogue because I was interviewing him as a reporter for the *New Jewish Times*. Hecht was unaware of my homosexual identity. He spoke to me candidly as a young Jew (a misguided one, granted, but nonetheless one of the family) about the threat these "sickie homos" present to the fabric of American civilization.



Rabbi Hecht, I understand you and your organization support the efforts of the Moral Majority.

Absolutely. On most issues we stand squarely on their side. We support their demand for less societal permissiveness and for a trend back towards those conservative values that made America great. Including prayers in public schools.

You support prayer in public schools? What about the Constitution? Separation of church and state?

I spoke, at one of Ronald Reagan's inaugural balls—it was called "An Inauguration with Love." I presented the view that, "In God We Trust," and therefore we have to believe in Him. If we believe in Him, we should pray to Him. So I believe in prayers in schools. Non-denominational, of course.

What is non-denominational prayer? Without mentioning the name of God, No Jesus or Muhammad or anything. There was a prayer they used to do in school that had only nine or ten words. . . . "As we start this day we beseech you God to help us. . . ." Something like that.

But there you mention the name of God.

Yes, but anybody can think of it as he pleases. We believe that once you chase God out of the public schools, you replace him with Satan. That's why we have the problems we do now in the schools.

So by including a nine-word prayer in the morning, that will solve the problems in the schools?

At least it'll keep them down a little. It's a form of sedative. At least they're acknowledging there's something to pray to. How it will affect them in later life, that is for God to decide.

And what does the Moral Majority feel about prayers in schools? Do they

want it "non-denominational" too?

I'm not very clear on that yet. I'm beginning to have my doubts. I think they would like to have it more or less "one way."

What exactly is your affiliation with the Moral Majority?

It's unofficial. I give them moral support. I think it's a wonderful thing. They've awakened America.

"Awakened America." That reminds me of the German National Socialist slogan back in the 1930s. "Deutschland Erwachen!" Except they were referring to Jews. Don't you feel uncomfortable as a Jew, allying yourself with fundamental Christianity?

I am more afraid of a reform Jew, with his longing to assimilate and intermarry, than I am of a good fundamentalist Christian. The Reform Jew is a greater threat to the continuity of the Jewish Faith than the Moral Majority. The Moral Majority can only make us more Jewish. The Reform Jew can only make us more goyish. So why shouldn't I stand up for the Moral Majority? More power to Mr. Falwell! You be good goyim, I'll be a good Jew.

You said once, "The greatest single tragedy in the twentieth century has been the legitimization of homosexuality." So you really believe that?

Absolutely.

The greatest single tragedy? Worse than the Nazi Holocaust?

Ach, come on. Now you're mixing apples and oranges. I'm talking about this country. I'm saying that one single homosexual teacher allowed to present his viewpoint to impressionable youngsters does more harm to America than all the Russian infiltration and all the atomic bombs put together.

Isn't that something, one little teacher can do all that? How does it work? Homosexuality breaks down the

family pattern. The collapse of the family is the root cause of the destruction of civilization. We don't buy this "consenting adult" business anymore than we accept that two thieves make up to steal or rape.

I believe that in both these instances, robbery and rape, there is an unconscious victim. What about homosexuality?

Homosexuality is a cardinal crime, punishable by death. The victim is the soul.

Oh, what happens to the soul?

According to Jewish law, when a man commits a crime for which there is a death penalty, the soul is cut off from its source of life. The Bible says we are attached—as if by a rope—to God Almighty in heaven. As long as we are in good graces, meaning that we do what the Bible tells us, we have that connection. However, once we go against the will of God, what happens is that we sever that relationship. It's like taking a person out into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, putting him into a boat, and taking away the oars.

Is it not, however, against Jewish justice to oppress people and take away their human rights?

We do not accept homosexual rights any more than we accept the rights of drunks, prostitutes, or pimps. What rights? They got rights to do what is right. But if they don't know what's right, then they're wrong. So they got no rights.

Well, that's logical. But in the examples of the drunk, for instance, these are people whose actions are causing harm to their physical condition. If they have families, they are more than likely harming their relationship with them. Most homosexuals who accept their homosexuality experience great rejuvenation. They often feel healthier, more emotionally capable to give to their families.

So does the adulterer. Oh, they're very, very happy at first. They feel total satisfaction. Total happiness. But happiness is not the state of mind a person has to be in. He has to be right.

Why do you only refer to he?

We're talking about homosexuals, aren't we?

There are such things as female homosexuals.

Lesbians. They're just as bad. You know, before, you were extolling the virtues of America. You said that because of the fabric of social democracy here, you felt free to live amongst Christians—many of whom felt you were damned. Why then can't you live with homosexuals around, who you feel are damned?

I don't condemn homosexuals. I condemn homosexuality. I only get involved when I feel the homosexual is trying to foist his way of life on others through legislation.

You believe people should be denied apartments on the grounds of their sexuality?

Look, if they want to stay in the Village, let 'em.

Keep them isolated, in other words. Like lepers. Or Jews?

I don't believe homosexuals are lepers.

Then why are you so afraid of contact with them?

Because they present a threat to

young people.

That's another thing they used to accuse Jesus of. Are you aware of that?

Look, you're mixing apples and oranges again.

Oh, I see. Okay. What exactly is the threat homosexuals pose to young people?

Simple. If I'm a young boy of ten and I see my teach is a homosexual, openly, with a lower and all that, I think to myself, why should I, when I grow up, have to undertake the responsibility of marriage? I can be a homosexual and have no financial burdens, no wife problems, no children problems... no strings attached.

So what you're saying is that homosexuality as a lifestyle is more appealing to children than heterosexuality?

Not necessarily.

Then why would the ten-year-old want to become a homosexual?

Pleasure.

Oh, so you're saying it's more pleasurable to be gay.

I didn't say more. I said it was pleasurable. If it was unpleasurable, nobody would do it. That doesn't change the character of it. Dope addiction is pleasurable, too.

For all these centuries that homosexuality has been in the closet, children had absolutely no positive gay role models. Still, they grew up gay. How does your "ensnarement" theory account for that?

I've told you before and I'll tell you again: these people are sick. There's always been a certain percentage of sick people in every culture. Until now, these people have been in the closet, right. Now, it's coming forth as a way of life. This is the danger. When you say a kid has certain leanings or inclinations, all of us may have those inclinations. But

there is a good and a bad. A proper and an improper. The higher laws—divine laws, not the laws of nature—say that homosexuality is a sin. Period. The Bible tells us: God created man, man was unhappy, so He created woman. He could have created another homo. Why did he have to make a woman for?

So in your cosmology, then, natural laws and divine laws are at odds with each other?

And how. Nature is purely physical. Animalistic. It has nothing to do with anything spiritual.

Why, who created nature?

God created all this world.

Then why are his laws not spiritual?

Because that's the whole reason for creation: for man to overcome his baser instincts.

You mean like a big tug-of-war contest?

Yes. The natural laws pull you down. The spiritual lift you up.

So what do you propose to do with all these sickies who have followed their natural instincts?

My organization has publicly offered to pay for the psychological treatment of any homosexual who comes to us. *You believe that homosexuality can be cured?*

I don't believe that God Almighty would give anybody and aberration that was uncontrollable.

So you're talking about controlling a person's sexual inclinations, not altering them.

Yes. I don't think you can turn the whole thing around, but we can turn him to lead a healthy and productive lifestyle in which he'll be just as satisfied.

And you're sure he'll be just as satisfied? How many people have you actually cured?

Well, none actually. But that's because not a single one has come to us.

Rabbi Hecht, I can't imagine why.

A Religion of Many Faces

As any Jew can tell you, Judaism is by no means a monolithic entity. An old adage goes: put five Jews in a room together and you'll come out with six opinions. It is therefore unnecessary to worry that the diatribes of Rabbi Abraham Hecht constitute the Jewish opinion on the subject of homosexuality. However, it is likewise untrue to assume that Rabbi Hecht's fear and loathing does not constitute part of Jewish opinion—and a good part of it at that.

Of America's estimated 5.8 million Jews some 3½ to 4 million according to the *Jewish Almanac*—are members of one of Judaism's three denominations: the orthodox, conservative, or reform. Of these, 10 to 15 percent comprise the orthodox, 40 percent are conservative, and roughly 35 percent reform.

Orthodox Judaism, which adheres most strictly to the tradition of Halakha—Jewish law—is that branch of the religion which is most firmly opposed to the tenets of gay liberation. Norman Lamm, president of Yeshiva University, wrote in a 1973 article ("Judaism and the Modern Attitude Towards Homosexuality"), "Under no circumstances can Judaism suffer homosexuality to become respectable. Indeed, in the currently permissive atmosphere, the Jewish view would summon us the semantic courage of moral neutrality... but as 'perversion'... in keeping with the biblical to'evab (abomination)."

According to Halakha, homosexual-

ity is one of the 36 cardinal sins punishable by death: "And a man who lies with male in the manner of lying with woman, they have both done a to'evab. You will stone them dead; their blood shall be upon their heads." (Lev. 20:13)

However, in the absence of Sanhedrin (the Jewish Court of Law), and considering the impossibility of implementing the entire Halakhic penal code (at least until the Messiah gets here), most modern orthodox consider such strict applications unnecessary. "Flogging," wrote Lamm in the same article, "is, from a certain perspective, far less cruel and far more enlightened."

Conservative Judaism, the most popular of the three denominations, includes within it a right wing, which resembles mainline orthodoxy, and a left wing, closer to reform; Since it sees itself as being rooted in the customs of traditional Jewish law while responding to contemporary needs, this branch of Judaism is often wracked by problems of conflicting do's and don'ts—not the least of which has been the question of homosexuality. Although conservative Jewish leaders insist there is a general tendency towards liberalization, their organization does not, for example, accept applications for gay synagogues, nor do they seem particularly willing to face new questions posed by the rising tide of gay liberation. As with much of mainstream Christian America, mainstream conservative Judaism has opted for a *laissez-faire* attitude: do what you

want, just don't tell me.

Of all the Jewish denominations, only the reform movement—the advance guard of the religion in terms of progressivism and reinterpretation—has embraced the tenets of, if not gay liberation, at least gay civil rights. Both the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the Central Conference of American Rabbis passed resolutions in 1977 recognizing and endorsing the "social and civil legitimacy" of homosexuals and urging reform congregations to develop seminars in which the "wide range of human sexual behavior" would be discussed in terms of Judaism. Whether or not reform Judaism's 1.2 million members have actually set about doing this is, however, difficult to ascertain.

Needless to say, the most radical satnce has been taken by gay Jews themselves. Calling Judaism a "religion of liberation," activist gay Jews have set out to establish a symbiotic understanding between their faith and their sexuality. Says one member of Congregation Neth Simchat Torah, New York's first—and, as of yet, only—gay-oriented synagogue, "Judaism has a lot to teach gay people in terms of community bonding and long-term group survival. Likewise, the central commandment of this religion is to 'love the Lord God with all your heart and all your soul and all your mind.' To me, that includes the part of myself that happens to be gay."

—Paul Grossman

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Three of All the Lesbians in the World

By Dorothy Allison

Earlier this fall, three of us made a trip upstate to be the guests of a friend who had asked us to be visiting lesbians for her class in "Issues for Contemporary Women." Stephanie, Fara, and I had readily agreed. We found the idea of being "imported lesbians" for Jean's class fairly humorous, kind of like being outside agitators from an earlier era. On the train we teased each other about our qualifications for the role, and then nervously addressed the matter of just what questions we might be asked, and how we should present ourselves.

"You realize we are going to become these people's idea of female homosexuals," Fara said, and for a moment I wasn't sure if she was teasing or not.

Fara, Stephanie, and Jean are old friends, ex-college-buddies. Stephanie and I have only known each other for the past year, having gotten acquainted on the job, where we discovered that we share the same critical sense of humor and weakness for quick, sarcastic remarks. I've met Jean quite a few times with Stephanie, and she's the kind of tough, non-sense individual I've always admired, but Fara's a mystery. I can never seem to tell whether she's being serious or making a joke. She has a habit of looking you straight in the eye and still implying that she's somehow not quite serious. Perhaps that's because she thinks partly in Portuguese, having grown up in Brazil, the daughter of Christian missionaries.

"Wait until Jean comes out to them at the last class," Stephanie laughed. "That might shake them up... if they don't know already."

"Oh, if only these straight people knew how many of us there are in the world."

"We don't even know how many of us there are. This is a small town, you know, a small-town college not a safe place to be out. There might even be a dyke or two in Jean's class, and we'll never know."

"Don't get too passionate about it," Steph warned. "From what Jean said, it's a pretty small class—around a dozen."

"Good, then, they can't gang up on us."

"They're not going to gang up on us," Fara whooped. "They're going to be scared of us. We're going to be the big bad lesbians from New York City."

"Not too bad, please," Stephanie looked a bit tense.

The wrinkle in the whole program was the simple detail that Stephanie and Jean have been lovers for years; but when we got in that classroom, they were going to be "just good friends."

The idea even made me a little nervous, and I'd done this kind of thing before.

This is a good idea?"

"Jean knows what she's doing," Steph told me. "She's a really good teacher, and so far this has been a pretty good class. It's mostly people getting back into school after working or having families, mostly women. So far they've done well with Gladys—you know the lawyer for the sexual harassment program, and Abby, who did a really tough program on black feminism. They're not going to get undone over a few dykes. Besides," she added, "if anybody gets smart, I'll just turn on my Bella Abzug imitation and blow them away."

"Oh, sure," I'd giggled at her. Steph actually looks so sweet and mild-mannered you can't imagine her doing any such thing, which is why, when she does turn on that fast-talking act, she is so very effective.

"Don't worry," she insisted. "They're going to love us."

That was the wrong thing to say. About six years ago, another friend and I had performed a similar function for thirty or so adolescent girls in a detention center in Leon County, Florida. We'd come over at the request of one of the counselors after a series of incidents that might—or might not—have been queer-baiting.

"Just speak to them frankly," the lady told us. "They're going to love you."

They had not loved us, but they had enjoyed us. I was asked in thirty minutes more explicit sexual questions than I've heard since. It hit its peak when a tall lanky girl of perhaps fourteen had asked if I was the bulldagger "or was she?" I'd looked over at "she," my friend Louise, a soft-spoken, pale young woman known for her composure under stress. Louise had lit a cigarette and started to calmly explain that the term didn't really apply to us. She was going into a discussion of just what harm those kinds of labels can do when the girl has yelled out, "Does that mean you ain't dykes?"

At that point I'd blown my whole act by snapping back, "No, it means we're both femme and we left our butches at home."

It had gotten a laugh from the girls, but the look on the counselor's face proved that she didn't appreciate my sense of humor.

"You realize," I had warned Steph when we'd discussed the trip, "I have been known to say inappropriate things, particularly when I lose my temper."

"You're not going to lose your temper," she'd told me. "It's not going to be a confrontation. We're just going to talk about ourselves honestly, let them know what lesbians are like as real people."

But on the train we reconsidered. After all, there were only three of us to represent all the lesbians in the world. We didn't need to make anything up, we decided, but maybe we should choose which aspects of our lives we should em-

phasize. Fara was so much an individual, we didn't see any need to tell more than the basic story of how she ever managed to become a lesbian at all.

"But I think I should talk about the politics of growing up lesbian in that kind of high-pressure, macho-patriarchal system," she said.

"Right," Steph said, suddenly excited. "This will be easy. We'll just exaggerate our own personalities. You can be the radical lesbian-feminist, make the political points, and I'll be the romantic barfly."

"Oh, no," I laughed. "I don't think you know how to do that one."

"Well, I don't want to be myself. That would be too easy, and probably boring. I'll be the romantic one with a penchant for bars and impressionistic painting. I can do that one."

"OK," I agreed, "but what they're really going to want to know about is sex and relationships."

"Well," Fara volunteered, "I can talk about the fact that I'm not involved in an ongoing relationship right now."

"Without making a tragedy out of it," Steph told her. "And I'll be the lesbian who did it for love..."

"... with a woman who shall be nameless."

"All right," I told them, "you do the political rap, you be the serious romantic, and I'll be the non-monogamous mess-around. What do you think, should I go into details about just how much I do mess around?"

Fara gave me a quick look. "Do you really think you're going to need to tell them?"

We got a little more nervous, a little more organized. By the time the train pulled in, we were reminding each other of things we should say.

"Oh, we need to talk about jobs, you know, all the times you have to change your lover's name, or pretend she isn't your lover, or even about the times when you lose your job and you can't prove it, but you know why you were the first to be let go..."

"Queer jokes. Let's talk about having to listen to straight people's ideas of what's funny about faggots and dykes."

"They do have some strange ideas, don't they?"

"I need a drink."

"Oh, let's not play into that. They think we're all alcoholics as it is."

Jean met us at the station and, surprisingly, she didn't look nervous at all. She gave Steph a quick kiss. "You're late. We've got to hurry." In the car, she laughed at our nervous concerns. "Look, these are nice people. The whole idea is to get them to see you as real, not just stories they've read or been told. Just be yourselves," she grinned. "And next week, I'll tell you all the things they said about you."

In the end, it was entirely too easy. There were fewer than a dozen people there, and it was more a conversation than a confrontation. One young woman

had brought her sister, who stared at us intensely but said nothing. The lone man in his three-piece suit came in late, blushed pink, and stayed pink until he left. The older woman in the print dress kept telling us how happy she was we had made the trip, and three of them stayed around to chat when it was all over.

I was impressed with Stephanie's self-control. Fara's persuasiveness, Jean's talent for drawing out sensitive questions, and there wasn't anything I could really lose my temper over. But our careful planning fell apart quickly. Stephanie forgot she was supposed to be the romantic and started talking politics in the very beginning, and then Fara talked so quietly and sincerely about her childhood that all the women in the class were leaning forward so they wouldn't miss anything. I kept waiting for someone to ask us, "But what do you do in bed?" But they were too sophisticated for that, which meant I didn't get to slowly draw, "Everything."

They did hit all the old questions. "Were you ever involved with a man?" "Do you believe in true love?" "Do you hate men?" I liked the one about true love, but it was the old "hate men" issue that got the discussion going. As soon as it was asked, some other lady in the class snapped, "Oh, come on. How can you ask that?"

Then Fara said, "I think straight women hate men a lot more than lesbians do." She told me later she was going to add, "They have so much more opportunity." But another woman in the class finished it for her, saying, "Maybe when you don't have to live out all those contradictions, you have more room to see men dispassionately."

Later Stephanie added her observation that it "might not be possible for men and women to have a relationship that's good for the woman, not the way things are."

The woman in the print dress nodded soberly. "That's a fact, not the way things are." I saw Jean nod back to her, as if just getting one of them to even consider that possibility was worth the whole class.

Curiously, the more rational, friendly, and open the class was, the more disappointed I became, as if all that energy on the train had been wasted. All of our worry and planning seemed faintly absurd, except that throughout our performance, Stephanie very carefully did not look at Jean, and Jean, very carefully, did not put any direct questions to Stephanie. The students smiled and nodded, and looked as if the whole subject of lesbians and lesbianism was interesting, but not particularly exceptional. But then, Jean hadn't, as yet, told them she was a lesbian, and probably never would bring them face to face with the reality that Stephanie was her lover. I kept thinking that it would never be the

Tom Robinson and Sector 27

By Ernie Fahl

British singer, guitarist, and songwriter Tom Robinson has had a profound impact on many of the directions that popular music has taken during the last five years. He has performed and recorded explicitly political, exciting music—songs like "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" and "Power in the Darkness"—with his group, the Tom Robinson Band (TRB). He played guitar with the Hot Peaches (an American gay liberation theater group) when they performed in London, and helped to initiate Rock Against Racism and Rock Against the Right.

In July 1979, after two years of recording and performing together, TRB dissolved. Band members and Tom himself wanted the opportunity to expand in different musical directions. In October of that year, Tom made a solo appearance at the National March on Washington for Gay and Lesbian Rights.

Upon returning to England after the march, Tom became actively interested in new-wave sounds, and he began carefully assembling a new visionary band. The result, Sector 27, is a band that pulsates with crisp, imaginative expressions of language and sound. Tom Robinson is the lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist, Stevie B. is lead guitarist and vocalist, Jo Burt is bass guitarist and vocalist, and Derek Quinton is percussionist. The group's new album (I.R.S. label, SP 70013) is an exciting fusion of new-wave rhythms, highly imaginative musical techniques—and some openly gay material.

I talked with Tom Robinson a few hours before the group's appearance at The Ritz in NYC on February 2.



NATIVE: Sector 27 has an experimental punk-rock quality. How did you arrive at this new sound format?

TOM ROBINSON: It evolved, really, among players in the band. Tom Robinson Band wasn't really very well known in America. We had a cult following, but 90% of your readers wouldn't have heard anything by us, necessarily. That band had a kind of mid-Seventies rock-and-roll sound, and it's now 1981. The guitar player in Sector 27, Stevie B., who supplies most of the sound, is ten years younger than me and has that much fresher an approach. He hasn't been influenced by the same old stuff that you get from the radio, that I grew up with, that the d.j.'s and program directors grew up with—all of us who are thirty-plus-years-old were teenagers in the Sixties. Stevie was six years old in 1966.

What were some of the bands that influenced your sound now?

Stevie was very fond of The Gang of Four, their guitar player, and Robert Smith of The Cure, and The Joy Division. He's quite adventurous.

All British bands?

Yes, that was what was happening to us locally at the time. We weren't getting over that many American bands be-

cause the ones who can afford to get over to Britain have to be very famous to get there. So if you finally get Talking Heads in Britain, that's when they're already stars. It doesn't have the same influence as someone you hear in a local bar.

What were some of the qualifications for band members you were assembling?

Well, they had to give good head. (laugh) After that, we saw if they could play.

Do you have any problem in concert trying to recreate some of the sounds on the album?

No, actually, it's curious. . . . Creating a record is quite hard. To get down what you want on a particular song you might have to use six or seven guitars. Just segue one right after the other, laying one on top of the other. But once the sound has been achieved, it's far less difficult to recreate it in concert. You don't know what you're trying for until you've recorded it. But then it's like you have a script. You just find a way to follow that. For instance, there are three basic types of guitar that we used on the album: there was a Fender guitar, which is thin, sharp, and trebly, with quite a clean, cutting sound; there was a Gibson guitar, which is fuzzy, and has

a rasping edge to it that distorts, so that's quite meaty; then there was a 12-string guitar, which is very full and jangly. All through the album there were those three guitars. Live on stage those are reproduced by Stevie who handles the Fender and Gibson bits, and I handle the 12-string bits, and between us we can just about cover the album.

There are many unique features of your music which seem to stem from the structure, the approach, and the treatment of the songs. What have you done on this album that you haven't done before?

Stevie is trying to push the sound as far over the edge as he can with his guitar. He's just a little bit crazed, coltish, and he really likes to push things in terms of performance and composition almost into the atonal. At the same time, being an older musician myself, having grown up in a more traditional school of songwriting, I try to make the choruses sing-along, and the rhythms danceable. I suppose the Sector sound comes from a bridge between those two influences. That makes us a kind of cross-over band—between the truly avant-garde bands and the more traditional approach.

Your appeal seems to be more widespread than it was. You're getting more

airplay with this album. Do you feel that this album is a commercial and artistic success?

It's an artistic success, I think, insofar as I can still listen to it now a year after we recorded it and still enjoy it, which I couldn't with anything else I've done. Apart from maybe the live track of "Glad To Be Gay," which I think still stands up. Commercially, we still take a huge loss, which is underwritten by the songs I wrote with Elton John and the royalties coming in from that. I wrote the lyrics for two tracks on his last album, including the last single, which was released over here, called "Don't You Want To Play This Game Any More?"

Do you feel that you had to sacrifice a lot of creativity to make this successful album?

No, but then I don't think that we were trying to make a vastly artistic statement—it's a pop group, and it's always intended as such. If it doesn't work on the level of pop music, it doesn't work at all. But creativity was the priority: we wanted to make something that was creatively—if not "artistically"—satisfying. And the comparative success which we've enjoyed has been a pleasant bonus. The last place that we thought the album would be popular was America, and the place it's been most popular turned out to be America.

Since you were making a pop album, did you have to delete any words or musical ideas?

The only place that happened was in the song called "Invitation." The word "bastards" was changed to "masters."

Where does the name Sector 27 come from? It sounds like a regiment, and the album cover has stripes. Is this a military parody? Where does the name originate?

I always thought of it as the locked ward in Bellevue, something like that. The stripes aren't regimental, they're road stripes which are used to indicate a sudden deviation in the road to the left.

It seems like you've been dressing up for the occasion. Are you adopting a more punk-rock fashion in your expression?

I suppose it's a kind of send-up of the Preppie look more than anything else.

Out of eleven songs on the album,

which would you point out as having a gay theme?

"Can't Keep Away": "Down in the tearoom/Watching the wall/Waiting 'til forever/For the boy next door." I'm sure I don't have to explain that to you one tiny little bit. Or how about "Falling For A Sucker/And it's only the start/I'm not ready/And I'm down, down, down, down on my knees." Does that need a lot of hallucination? (laughs)

When Bob Dylan changed from folk sound to electric sound, most of his fans felt betrayed. Do you feel any obligation to your previous fans who expect overtly gay and political songs from Tom Robinson?

I would say that if they've got any ears—which I've found most of them do—they would find that Sector 27 is saying something far, far gayier than anything TRB ever did, because TRB was a very straight, four-square, mid-Seventies rock-and-roll band with gay grafted on top in the form of one song—"Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay"—just attached to the band repertoire. It wasn't even in style musically with the rest of the repertoire. I think that anyone who's been to a Sector 27 show can definitely argue the point with you about whether it was less gay than TRB. We played a show in Albany three or four days ago—it was wild. It just so happened that that particular night it was a 70% gay audience. They definitely knew what the songs were about, and they were screaming for Stevie—it was great.

Sector 27 is a collective band effort. Would you say that the members of Sector 27 share a special male relationship that enables the group to be more sensitive to creative needs and ideas?

I think we just love each other a bit more than the last band, and probably more than any of the bands that the others were in. We've been going a year and two months now, and I think the bond inside the band is stronger than ever. A lot of bands have ego problems and attitude problems; we really don't.

There has been a steady increase in violence against gays in New York City. In your 1978 interview in Christopher Street Magazine, you said, "You can't change the world with rock music, but if you stop one guy from being queer-bashed, then you've done something." You've had some power in promoting understanding between gays and

straights. What is it about your current music that will affect homophobic attitudes?

When we played Club 57 two or three weeks ago, there were two absolutely gorgeous drag queens—both of them six-foot-plus, one black and one white—there in the audience, absolutely supreme, swanning around the room. There were also teeming straight teenagers and rock fans. There was this huge trucker with long hair and a cap in overalls—I don't know if he was for real or what, but whatever the scene was, there were these bizarre and diverse people who were all hanging out, and there was no hint of aggravation in there at all. All the people I talked to afterwards told me how at ease they'd felt throughout the whole thing, and that that atmosphere was promoted by being able to come to a Sector 27 concert, whereas there are other groups you can go to see where you expect to find aggravation and violence in the air.

Women can come to a Sector 27 concert alone and not feel that they have to have a man with them to protect them, that hopefully a majority of the men will have some sensitivity to the fact that they're women and if they choose to dance together, fine, men won't impose on them. And even if they're heterosexual women they won't have some terrible trip laid on them, and that's pretty important to bear in mind, you know?

More straight rock-and-roll lovers have heard of you than gay people. Do you think you're on the right track toward attracting more gay people through your punk-dance sound?

I think we make the sound that we make because it's the only sound we know how to make—we do it and we like it, and we're thankful that anybody likes it at all. Period. And if some of those people are gay, too, well, that's great. It's a bonus for me. But as long as anybody likes it, that's the people that we're doing it for. It's not a question of seeking to attract a gay audience, because we would do Bette Midler covers if we wanted to do that.

It's not apparent at first what your songs are about. Do you think rock-and-rollers know that they're grooving on some very gay material?

Have you ever heard Eubie 40? They're a very popular band in Britain, and

a mixed black/white reggae band. I think I'm right in saying that two of the people in that band are actually revolutionary socialists. That isn't necessarily apparent from moment one of hearing their record. They chart regularly, and this thing is run totally as a commune.

Would you perform on the same bill as a gay or lesbian performer or band?

TRB did that many, many times. But with Sector 27 that would depend more on the musical content and compatibility rather than on the sexuality of the performers.

Do you see a future for men's music created from a more honest, emotional context—a music that deals with more of our personal and political lives?

I don't see why not. That's really down to how far men are prepared to stand up and be counted in the different areas where they're making music. There are myriad different musical styles.

Are you encouraging this type of music? Do you publish or handle gay or lesbian material?

No, I tried that with the second TRB album. I put large listings on the inside front cover, which included a great deal of lesbian and gay material, and the album's still on sale, and that information is still being disseminated.

What cities are you touring? When will you be back in the U.S.?

This tour is pretty much over, but as soon as it's over, there's a lot of writing that's half-completed that we want to get into rehearsal with to keep on working the new material through. There's no opportunity to do it on the road at all. And if during the gig itself you have to do something of a certain standard in order for it to count as a performance for the audience, rather than making goofs and triumphs in front of an audience which has paid ten bucks to see you. So you have to really wait until you're not touring to make the creative contribution.

When is a second Sector 27 album coming out?

We're recording in June or July this year. It should take two months before it's released, and then they'll send us out on the road again to promote it. We'll be back in the U.S. before the end of the year. That is if Ronnie doesn't kick all the faggots out.

PHILIPPINE GARDENS A DINING DELIGHT

For twenty-three years, the Philippine Garden Restaurant at 455 Second Avenue (between 25th and 26th Streets) has been cordially serving the public a wonderful, inexpensive Philippine menu in a quaint atmosphere. Two years ago, when the Women's Coffeehouse closed its doors, Josie opened her heart to fill the void left by its passing. "This is a place for women to get together, a place where no woman will ever be exploited. This I promise you. It is a warm, friendly, supportive, and understanding atmosphere where women can come and learn to love one another."

Every Sunday between 7 and 10 p.m.

is an open showcase of women performers, as well as an open forum for women's ideas and socializing. Although you need not spend a dime—just come and enjoy—the full menu is available. \$9.50 will provide a wonderful combination platter with all the trimmings from beverage to dessert, but you need not spend this much to enjoy the wonderful (and not fattening) cuisine.

With such a loving, warm, open atmosphere in which women can freely gather, there ought to be a line outside this doorway every Sunday night. (684-9625)

—Jo Anne Arnone

WOMEN'S WRITE

Continued from page 19

case that a homosexual community would import a little group of polite, well-spoken heterosexuals—not that we don't have any myths about them: I'm sure we do. But the heterosexual is not in hiding. We are the aliens in their country, studying them constantly for the simple necessity of our own survival.

It's always seemed funny to me when straight people wear their tolerant expressions, particularly when they expect that their "tolerance" will be recognized. I am always reminded of Baptist Sunday school back when I was a child in South Carolina. The preacher talked about har-

ing the sin, but not the sinner, but I could tell from watching his face that he couldn't make the distinction. It was like the conversation I had with a relatively mild conservative lady down in Houston once.

"I find homosexuality intolerable," she told me. "I know you're a fine young woman, and you think you can't help yourself." Her face was very patient, very Christian. "But dear, I will always think that your life is a tragedy."

I couldn't help myself. I'd started to laugh. "It's so funny," I'd told her. "That's just what I could say to you."

NATIVE

FEATURE

Illustration: Ken Gould

DEEP DISH

by George Whitmore

Episode Six:

OUR STORY SO FAR: Not only is Henry Schneiderman irrationally infatuated with our narrator, Francis Xavier ("Binky") Boynton, Jr., but he was well before the demise of his lover, Henry Cooper. Not only were the two Henrys about to break up on the eve of Henry Cooper's untimely death—Get this: poor Henry Cooper actually thought he'd been converted or something by his super-secret affair with his dyke friend Marcella! Fetch us our fans!

Christmas came and went and even my semi-annual visit home to Moline, Illinois, was a welcome break from Henry Schneiderman's attentions. Stanley's major dish re: Marcella and Henry Cooper occupied my thoughts of course, and my mother pronounced me more distracted than usual during the festivities surrounding our Lord's nativity. But how could I confide in Mrs. Francis Xavier Boynton, Sr.? She who I knew, at midnight mass, kneeling beside me, was entering heaven only for the quite improbable miracle that He would confer his beatitude on her errant son to the very extent that poor, now departed Henry Cooper had evidently felt himself blessed.

I wondered idly during the priest's homily on "Rebirth, Redemption, and Reaffirming" (the vaulted ceiling over the apse was in great peril of coming down during services), whether if had Henry lived would he have been content with the fate my dearest mother was praying for that night: to wit, marriage and fruitful repopulation in Moline to and with the right girl. I decided he would not.

Where had he dreamed of a "New Life in This New Decade" (to echo the sermon) with his Marcella? Bermuda? Key West? Algiers?

No, the whole thing was patently ridiculous.

Around New Year's, Henry Schneiderman's floral tributes, the red roses he'd been delivering with depressing regularity, metamorphosed into carnations set in sprays of baby's breath. Were his hopes flagging? Eventually those were replaced by ragged clutches of daisies dyed blue, fuschia, and other bilious florists' colors. At last, the flowers stopped arriving altogether. I breathed a sigh of relief.

What could have accounted for the raising of the seige? I was curious, but not too curious. And since Henry's disdain for everything below 14th Street was well known, I went about my business with the false assurance that I was quite unlikely to run into him ever again.

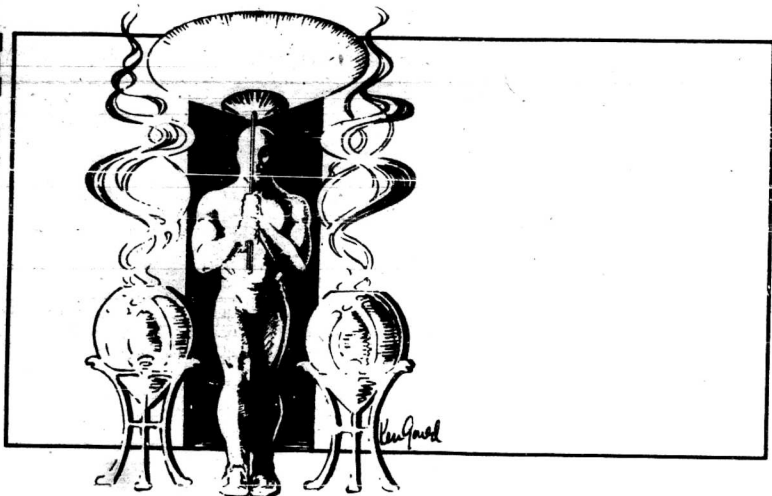
Fool that I was.

He showed up one night at work, at Clyde's, sitting at one of my very own tables—and with William.

But hadn't Henry sworn never to consort again with any of the "crass style queens" (his nomenclature) that had constituted Henry Cooper's friends?

"Switch with me," I begged Joey, the other waiter on the line.

"Not a chance," Joey sneered. "I have a hot thing going on number nine. We've passed three notes already! And he's with



his lover!"

So, unaided, I approached Henry and William. They were hunched over the table in the dim light, in rapt conversation.

"Have you seen the new GQ?" William was saying. "There isn't a single model in it over seventeen. I don't know how they expect any of us—oh, hello, Bink!"

"Gentlemen," I said, all ice. (The fact was, I was horrified at what Henry Schneiderman might do to me, even in Clyde's.) "Want anything from the bar?"

Henry Schneiderman, however, looked just as surprised as I was. He gazed up at me with big, brown, wet, astonished eyes. "Hullo, Binky," he breathed.

"This your table?" William asked.

"Drinks?"

They ordered and I made a quick retreat, my heart beating fast. Damn William! He'd obviously set this up! He must have lured Henry down here under some pretext or another. But why?

"Gees," Joey said at my side. "Who's the big number at your table? Friend of yours?"

He was referring, of course, to Henry—who must have weighed in at 6'3" out of his Frye boots.

"I struck out," Joey volunteered with a philosophical shrug. "All they wanted was a threesome, and did you see the lover? Yecch!" He sailed off with a tray of drinks.

I had to admit to myself—as I glanced over at Henry, deep in conversation again with William (which is to say, listening, which is all one found oneself doing with William)—that Henry Schneiderman was indeed a number.

How envious we'd been when Henry, Cooper'd appeared at Flamingo that night last winter, with big gorgeous Henry Schneiderman trailing behind, shy and intimidated (but what was Flamingo for, if not to intimidate, after all?), fresh from Michigan. In spite of myself, I sighed as I placed their drink order on my tray. But that was a hundred years ago. Now Henry Cooper was—dead. (Had the realization of that even sunk in?) And so, come to think of it, was Flamingo. We'd all deserted it for the Saint . . .

When I reached the table, William had disappeared.

"Heiniken," I said (rather more gently) as I put the drink before Henry.

He just looked up at me in the half-light, mute.

I smartly took out my pad. "The special tonight is . . ."

"Bink?"

"... pork chops cantonese with . . ."

"When do you get off?"

"Henry," I said firmly, "there is nothing, nor can there be anything, for us. I'm truly sorry, but that's the way it is and will have to remain. I would appreciate it sincerely if you would . . ."

"Ordering?" It was William, back from the lavatory. "I'm absolutely famished. What about you, Henry?" he asked, sitting down and laying his napkin across his lap. "I'll just have a hamburger-medium-rare-and-creamy-vinagrette," he said to me.

Henry's eyes were still locked with mine. "The same," he managed to croak.

William called me the next morning at 11 a.m. I was fast asleep of course.

"Binky, I could have just died! Really! It never occurred to me—I mean I just didn't *think*—about you and Henry and Clyde's and everything! Let alone that we'd sit at your table! I was so embarrassed. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Henry and me?"

"Well, of course. All of us . . . But let's not talk about that. Please accept my apology."

So he had brought Henry to Clyde's deliberately. The rat.

"Poor Henry," William went on, not waiting to be forgiven. "I just felt, Binky, that we'd all neglected him so after Henry Cooper's—accident, and so forth—and when Dan told me he still didn't know about Henry Cooper's share . . ."

He meant, of course, the share in our summer house on the Island.

"I felt I just had to step in and get some determination as to what Henry Schneiderman's intentions were."

"So you could slither in with Skipper Phelan under your arm," I said unkindly.

"No, not at all! Though Henry, I gather, doesn't want to take Henry Cooper's share and Skipper's still *dying* to have it. He mentioned it at the gym the other day, as a matter of fact—no, I felt we'd all been guilty of just deserting poor Henry—and, after all, he was Henry Cooper's lover."

"So you got your answer."

"Yes. And I called Dan this morning and Dan said . . ."

"Whatever you all decide, William," I said, slipping down under the covers.

"Well . . . Okay. I just wanted you to know," William said.

"Thanks."

"And to know," added William, at his most sincere, "That I wasn't—you know—trying to horn in on you and Henry. Why, it simply never occurred to me that . . ."

"There is no 'me and Henry'!" I yelled into the receiver.

There was a short silence on the other end. "Well, of course

there isn't," William said in the voice of one soothing a child. "Of course not."

So we said good-bye and I hung up, hunkered down in the bed. It was minus 105 outside and I had no intention of getting up until three in the afternoon. But I couldn't fall asleep. What was William up to? This went beyond the legendary Skipper Phelan and his alleged panting desire to have Henry Cooper's share. I knew that was only a fervid fantasy of William's and that Dan would surely block its unlikely accomplishment. Especially after Stanley's revealing to all of us at brunch that Skipper wet the bed . . .

No, William was up to something. I remembered, then, his sighing and moaning at Henry Cooper's memorial service (or whatever one might have called it), about what a lovely couple the two Henrys had made—"one so dark, the other so fair, my-my." And he'd been so solicitous to Henry Schneiderman over dinner at Clyde's; even holding his hand across the table, I saw, at one point. *Consoling the widow*, I thought. Or—or—what? Or making a play for him.

And he wanted to make sure the field was free, so he called me.

Who had no interest whatsoever, of course, in Henry Schneiderman. Hadn't Henry, after all, almost raped me in his grief/lust the week after the funeral?

I snorted under the Eiderdown. Whatever possessed William with the idea that he had an iccube's chance in hell with Henry Schneiderman? Why, even last night, after besieging me for months with flowers (no phone calls: I'd had my number unlisted), Henry's eyes were virtually glued on me all the time they were in Clyde's . . .

There was a pleasant sensation—down there—in my groin—under the covers . . .

"Oh, my God!" I moaned, sitting bolt upright in bed.

Could Henry have been right?

I fell back against the pillows.

"You love me, Binky," he'd said that day in November. "Your body can't lie."

Was I—jealous—of William?

(To Be Continued)

Michael Denny's Gay Manifesto for the Eighties

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MOVIES

*Michel Serrault in La Cage Aux Folles II
courtesy of United Artists*

La Cage aux Folles II: Just When You Thought It was Safe to Wear a Dress Again

by Vito Russo

My favorite moments in *La Cage aux Folles* II came during the opening credit sequence, which featured some of the funniest scenes from the original film. I didn't think *La Cage aux Folles* was a good film but I laughed a lot and had a thoroughly enjoyable time. I did not, in spite of the long lines at the 68th Street Playhouse, take myself into believing that the film would make democracy safe for homosexuals simply because we were all laughing together. And besides, we weren't laughing together. The straight people in my particular audience were laughing at while the gays were laughing *with*, and at completely different times. For me, the original film provided some classic gay/straight comic confrontations and two wonderful performances. **—Zoe M. Serrano** is the executive book manager.



Albin (professionally, transvestite star Zaza Napoli at La Cage Aux Folles nightclub on the French Riviera) and Ugo Tognazzi as his exasperated, long-suffering lover Renato.

The tag line in the ad campaign for *The Cage Aux Folles II* is "the relationship continues." But it is a promise unfulfilled. Whatever sketchy, unoriginal relationship existed in the original film between Renato and Albin is hopelessly lost in part II, replaced by the crudest cartoon posturing imaginable. In *La Cage Aux Folles* there were a few faint glimmers that these two shared something together and that gave the comedy a little bite. The impending marriage of Renato's son prompted the tension of trying to keep the bride's father, a conservative politician, from discovering that the "mother" of his new son-in-law is actually the notorious drag queen Albin. Although the pace of the farce is deadily in the first film and lethargic in the second, the original contained a few sustained bits that actually worked, such as Renato trying to teach Albin how to walk like John Wayne and Albin failing miserably to butter a piece of toast. There's also a lovely moment where Renato, the marriage father of the bride shows "Who is the mother of the bride?"

this boy?" Renato nods at Albin who rips off his wig, holds out his hand and says "Enchante, monsieur." A small victory, but our own.

La Cage Aux Folles II is conceived entirely from the Milton Berle school of drag humor. The joke is seeing a man dressed like a woman and the movie is boring because of it. Unlike its predecessor, this one is not in any sense gay. It is rather a film about gays for straights, *Zaza Napoli Meets The Pink Panther*. Due to circumstances much too stupid to repeat here, Albin gets involved in an espionage caper to do with microfilm and consequently must jump out of a cake looking like Ethel Merman. If that sounds funny, it wasn't. Michel Serrault still cuts quite a figure as Albin to say the least but the genuine laughs are so far apart they're like favors to us, rewards for sitting through the rest. And all those laughs are visual gags. There's no tension, no situational humor, no pleasurable expectation of what might happen next. Serrault gets to butcher it up as a macho carpenter in one scene and is loved it for a minute but every combination of that joke is attempted for the next hour and it gets tedious. First we have a gay man dressed as a woman, then we have to pay for a man, then a group of

straight men try to pass for gay, then a gay man dresses up very straight but all they're really doing is running around changing clothes. A potentially funny sequence with Albin as an Italian peasant woman working in the fields ("I don't like being a woman in this country") is virtually thrown away. Albin's talents as Zaza inside the club were wisely kept from us in the first film. The scene in which Zaza does Marlene Dietrich in blackface² could have been terrific but it's as flat and uninspired as a crepe. There's no pace at all. The film just flits around looking for something to show us.

In addition, there's a lot of vicious fag-baiting in this one which goes beyond pointing out who the bigots are by putting "queer" and "fag" into the mouths of obvious fools. The epithets hurled at Renato and Albin throughout *La Cage Aux Folles II* are gratuitous and cruel. When, towards the end, Albin says to Renato, "Well, you can't say we haven't been happy together," it gets a laugh because nobody is supposed to take this relationship seriously.

Part III is in the works for next year, and I hear they're thinking of calling it *Ad-Cube City: Folks Meet Abbott And Costello*.

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Hollywood Stars and Glamour

The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers, 1925-1940

By John Kobal
Alfred A. Knopf, 1980
160 Duotone Photographs
288 pages, \$35

By Felice Picano

Several years ago, while boarding an E Train at 14th Street, I noticed a familiar man also boarding. He sat in the same car, and I wondered how I knew him. We got off at the same stop, and he stood next to me on the escalator. He was dressed in denims, was slender though lithe, not much taller than I. "You look familiar," I said to him. Then the bulb went on inside my mind.

"I know! You drive a taxi." He laughed. "I used to," Robert De Niro said.

Now, I realize I'm far more dense about the presence of a celebrity—not to mention a movie star—than most guys I know. Still, I'd paid De Niro the compliment of identifying him with his role, not for being a film star. Something like that would have been unthinkable with a comparable star of several decades ago, and not only because they wouldn't be seen dead on the subway. Could you imagine overlooking Gary Cooper, or Clark Gable, or Bette Davis? To this day one hears of Garbo's lightning-speed appearances in Upper East Side stores, and how people whisper her name ten yards ahead to perfect strangers as she approaches. Why? Because she—and the others—had what neither De Niro nor any other film actor today (always excepting Rula Valenska) even wants: glamour.

Webster's third edition defines *glamour* as "magic; enchantment; magic spell or charm; hence seemingly mysterious and elusive, fascinating." It is a Scott word, popularized by, of all people, Sir Walter Scott. No other word better

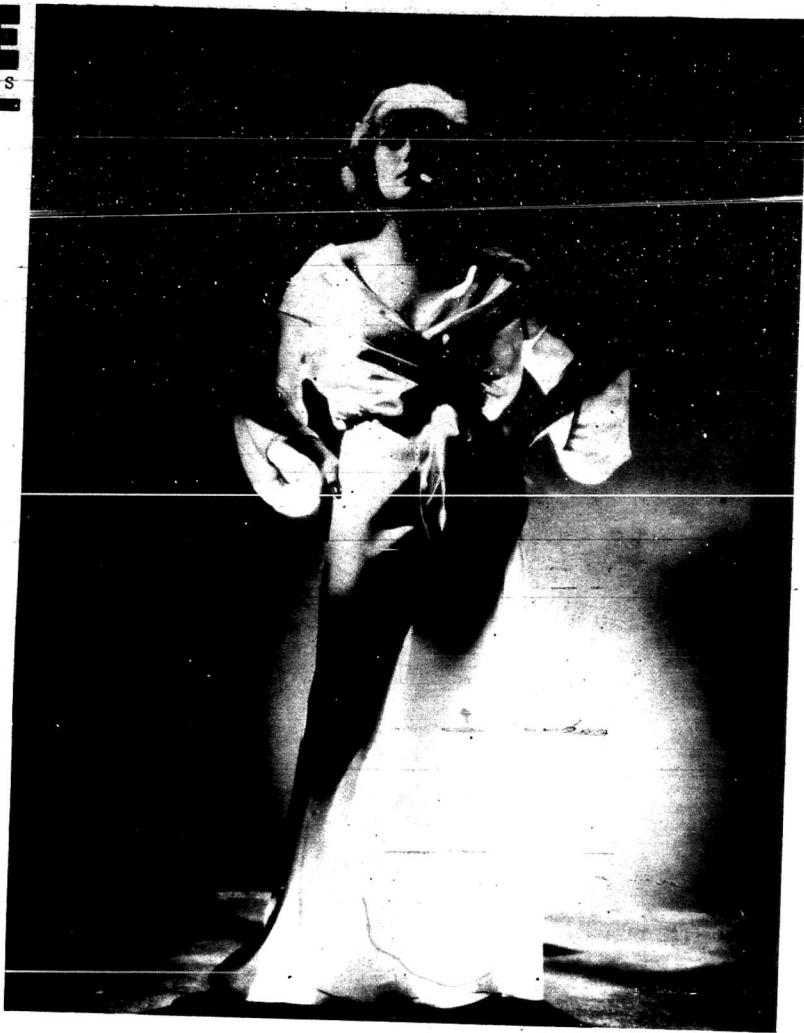
characterizes the rise and fall in twentieth-century America of film as an influence over our lives.

If you want to see it most clearly, open to any page of John Kobal's beautiful and provocative book, *The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers*, published this past fall and overlooked because of the hoopla surrounding a flashier tome on Samuel Goldwyn.

Kobal's thesis is a simple one. Because of the inexorable growth of the star system in the Hollywood movie industry between 1925 and 1940, an entire corps of secondary cameramen entered the studios to meet the extraordinary public demand for photos and more photos and still more photos of their favorite stars. Still photographers, working right on the set, and often under the most difficult circumstances, went on to become portrait photographers within the studios. These men—and Ruth Harriet Louise among the women—went on to make their stars into art objects of fine photography—and, in time, to influence fashion, film personalities, even in some cases the way a cinematographer shot the final film.

Unlike the Mayers and Laskys and Thalbergs, these photographers were the real, behind-the-scenes star makers. And we've never seen stars of such numbers glow with such magnitude since, despite the resurgence in the Fifties of the new Hollywood galaxy—Taylor, Hudson, Dean, Monroe, et al.

Men like Ernest Bachrach, E.R. Ritchee, Don English, George Hurrell, Clarence Sinclair Bull, and Lazlo Willinger would receive and photograph starlets arriving at a studio just after successful screen tests and photographically form their personalities for them. Looking at their work we are able to witness some astonishing transformations: the progression of a soft and rather *gemutlich* newly arrived Marlene to the Sternbergian woman of beauty, mystery, and danger we call Dietrich. A series of sometimes calculated, often experimental personae were photographed and released to a press hungry for them, featured on the covers and inner pages of burgeoning fan magazines such as *Photoplay*. While many films are rotting away or already gone, what these photographers did in their galleries lives—indeli-



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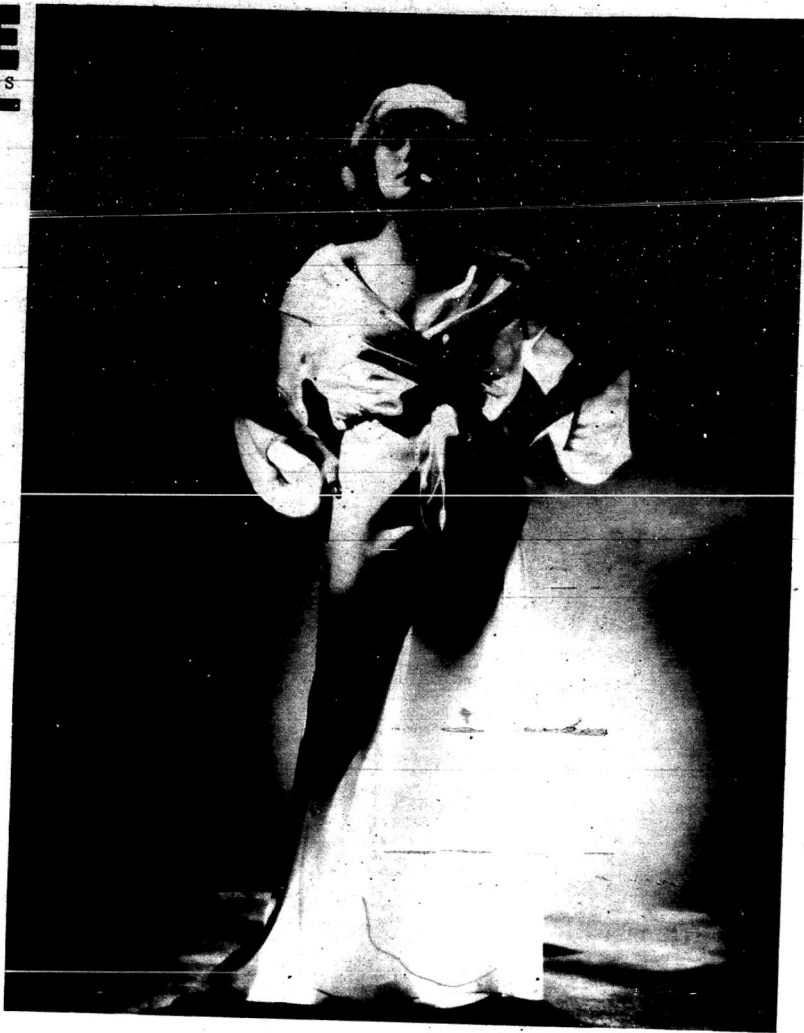
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ble images of the past.

We are also able to see the roads not taken in developing stars. The usually cleanly blonde Joel McCrea is shown bare shouldered, curly haired, steaming sexuality. The virginal Clara Bow, without makeup, masses of soft hair framing her face. The short-lived "brownette" period of the only partially domesticated Harlow. The young temptress of Kit Hepburn. They can't be seen this way on film—but they can in these photos.

Kobal quotes Loretta Young as saying: "There were a lot of people who were stars only because of their still pictures—their movies never meant anything."

Bud Graybill, a studio photographer, has this to say of Robert Taylor:

Taylor went to the gym to build up his shoulders, because he was effeminate in appearance. He was such a beautiful guy when he came to the studio that he looked more like a girl. They worked him in the gym until he came out with broad shoulders. He became a great horseman and was able to make great Westerns. You'd photograph him smoking a pipe, wearing heavy cardigans—all to make him more masculine in appeal—like Gable. His widow's peak was toned down a bit so it wasn't quite so prominent. It was a business in those days—they were manufacturing a star.

Ted Allen is quoted on Jimmy Stewart:

Two years after he had been with the studio (MGM) we still didn't know what the hell to do with him. Was he a comedian, or a romantic leading man? We tried photographing him outside, leaning over fences, working with a shovel, with a tennis racket—but while that worked with Robert Taylor in helping him to look more athletic, it didn't work with Stewart. There was no problem in

making him look handsome—he had great eyes and a generous mouth, but in the time I worked with him, I wouldn't have guessed he'd become a star.

That was before Stewart had formed the character he would become best known for—the folksy, homespun man of the people.

Yet other stars knew exactly where they stood with the camera—moving or still. Norma Shearer, one of the reigning queens, had a cast in her eye and was sensitive to it. She often made certain she was shot in profile to eliminate any possibility of her strabismus showing, and to further tone down the smallness of her eyes. Crawford, who loved to be photographed, worked very hard in the portrait studio, building with the photographers a series of extraordinary images that widely extended her film roles. Her work paid off for decades. You couldn't open a film magazine without seeing a half-dozen pictures of Crawford. With the help of Josef von Sternberg, Dietrich developed into and out of a range of personas, fashions, and myths, and after von Sternberg was no longer with her, she went on to change those images in preparing for her comeback in *Destiny Rides Again*.

Famous Players—Lasky (later Paramount) was the first studio to set up an in-house portrait studio—in 1921, with Donald Biddle Keyes behind the camera. By 1930 all the major studios had one or more. Still shots seemed to complete what the moving films only began: glamorous images of movie stars galore. Kobal divides them into seven categories:

Straight portraits (in street clothes, alone, in pairs and in groups of leading players), character portraits (straight portraits but in costume), advertising (action plus character shots that are slightly broader in feeling than character portraits so that they would be usable for poster and other outdoor advertising), fashion (women in styles—preferably adapted from

those designed for the film—that may be in vogue when the film is released), the little *Empress Eugénie* hat that Garbo wore in *Romance* became a Thirties fashion), exploitation (tie-in art in which a studio contract player poses with nationally advertised merchandise), production (actual scenes from the movie taken during the filming), and publicity (including art sometimes called informal or offstage, strips, layouts... and so on.

All of these photos went into the making of a film, of a new star, or in re-viving and transforming a film star. Billions of the 8x10-inch glossies were sent out by the studios. Every movie theater had its dozen side windows packed with them. They were mailed to fans, available in stacks at premieres. Billboards proclaimed them across the country. They were omnipresent, inescapable.

And they were good art, too. For by 1925 new ideas entered the still studios. The full-length and torso and head shots of previous years gave way to all sorts of new ideas in photography that came from outside the studios: close-ups, close cropping, single-spot lighting, overhead lighting, back lighting. Harlow and Robert Taylor were photographed as though they were images in cubist collages—all silver and black and gray planes and angles, then: the face. Dietrich was lighted every way possible, shot through gauze, veils, hair, mist, name it, to achieve an effect. Some of the results were reminiscent of the Decadent Symbolists (Redon and Klimt). Others more like *Norah* masks (the photograph of Merle Oberon—who had made up poisoning—and was shot full light on, close-up). Others were surreal: Crawford in three-quarters, and under her chin, on a steep angle, Gable! Still others were so stylized that one of Crawford's false eyelashes throws a shadow like a large spider on her cheek—the only shadow in the photograph.

How did all this happen? According to the text, it was:

...an extraordinary thing, something that was beyond the ken of the studios, and that owed nothing to contracts, scripts, or the publicity department. To achieve the effect of the great pictures, it was necessary for the sitters to reach a state of trust with the photographer so total that they would unconsciously reveal the very hunger that had driven them to the place where they now found themselves. What was created in those galleries depended as much on the photographer as on the subject, and it took a very special breed of photographer to capture not the idealized self-images the subjects may have had or the roles they played and the masks behind which they hid, but the central emotion that most of us are unable to express because it leaves us so exposed. Rarely did either subject or artist analyze these sittings: it was their work and they did it.

Why did it end? Several reasons. Some of the photographers left the studios and opened their own photography studios, others went on to other art—

photography. But the film stars still poured into Hollywood, and so, we may assume, did the young and willing photographers. We must look elsewhere for an answer.

I'd nominate color as the culprit, and say that it was color, rather than sound, that caused the destruction of the old Hollywood—the glamorous Hollywood and its stars—as it built the new Hollywood, the same one we are witnessing in collapse.

After some initial technical difficulties, color swept the film industry to such an extent that nowadays it is a rare film that is shot in black and white. And it worked. People loved color films. They were so real—or so surreal. Film directors liked them, and so did costumers, set designers, and cinematographers. Not so the still photographers. Still color photo stock, though it predated color film stock for movies—wasn't good enough: the photographers couldn't achieve the effects they wanted and still have the glamour come through. Kobal himself hints at this when he says:

The photographs of the Forties (i.e., in color) lack excitement: they are sprayed with advertising poster colors—pillar-box-red lips, blue-horizon eyes—turning something that had been immensely powerful into something that was too bright, too cheery, and ultimately empty. If the public raised no objection, it was because their minds were elsewhere—soldiers, generals, and presidents were their heroes, stars were now a candy-coated version of the boy and girl next door. The Forties star, brightly lit and colored, was the ultimate Disney cartoon.

As the barrage of photos and film fan magazines decreased, the effect of the film stars as identifying models took on less importance. By the late Fifties, only a handful of stars could evoke a strong public response—and then television came in and mopped up the operation.

The other big Hollywood book of the season ends with color spread after color spread of the film that did the most damage: *Gone With the Wind*. It also shows a multitude of stills made for and around the film, the most lavishly publicized in the decade. None of them have the grace, the beauty, or the allusiveness of the Degas-like Willinger photo of Vivien Leigh photographed for *Waterloo Bridge*. That was already 1940: the end of glamour in movieland was near.

Kobal's book faithfully reproduces 160 duotone photos with exquisite detail. It is beautifully designed, with a clearly readable text and layout, and an extensive portfolio of the most noted studio photographers. The writing is mostly informative, but without a great deal of technical data (though some are given for lenses and speeds). Kobal uses extensive quotes from the people involved—stars when alive, photographers reminiscing. Occasionally he pushes, but he also provides some terrific anecdotes.

As a compendium of fine photography, *The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographers* is invaluable. As history, it is always interesting. For \$35, you can put a little glamour back into your life—or onto your coffee table.

Photo of Bruce Falco in Celebrations: Michael Edwards

The Cleveland Ballet in Brooklyn

Pretty Things and Empty Packages

by Barry Laine

Today, 16-year-old girls in Boise can manage technical feats which stymied even prima ballerinas of 19th-century Paris and St Petersburg. Ballet schools have proliferated faster than Cuisinarts, and ballet companies arrive sooner than your latest Sears order. But along the way to this cross-national popularization of a previously elite art form, has anyone bothered with talent and good taste?

The problem is there's only so much of it to go around in the first place. It seems corollary of modern life that with plenitude comes mediocrity. More ballet means more bad ballet. An unfortunate case in point is the rapid success of the 5-year-old Cleveland Ballet, a company that has going for it—to borrow from Mark Twain—"all the modern inconveniences."

The Cleveland Ballet made its New York debut last month as part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Exxon-sponsored Ballet America series, and opening night featured a big shindig courtesy of Cleveland. Offered were baked hams and pates and mousseli-liquor, too, of course—amid candlelit tables, huge floral displays, theatrical lighting, and a live band. If one could judge a company by the spread it serves, Cleveland would be a winner, but this

party, rather atypical for the still-starving dance world, revealed Cleveland's first "inconvenience"—money. The company has grown quickly and relatively painlessly, due to the hard work of its founders, Ian Horvath and Dennis Nahat, and the enthusiastic support of a city that wants a ballet to match its reknowned orchestra, museum, and playhouse. In fact, so intent upon a first-rate professional troupe is Cleveland that it has settled for the mere appearance of one. From its ribbons to its toes, Cleveland Ballet makes a pretty—and empty—package.

The worst of it was shown in *US*, choreographed jointly by Horvath and Nahat. This cavalcade of American dance styles (whether take-off or tribute, I could not determine) is unfortunately touted as Cleveland's signature piece. It begins with a satin hoodwink (satin?) and proceeds, more or less, through the Turkey Trot, Charleston, Foxtrot, Lindy, and Frug, culminating in a Broadway-style chorus line (as different from *echi*-Broadway as kosher-style corned beef is from a good Second Avenue Reuben). Just about everything

along the way, it seems, is satin—except for what glitters. (Costume and set blame go to Claudia Lynch and David Guthrie.) The work is clearly meant to entertain.

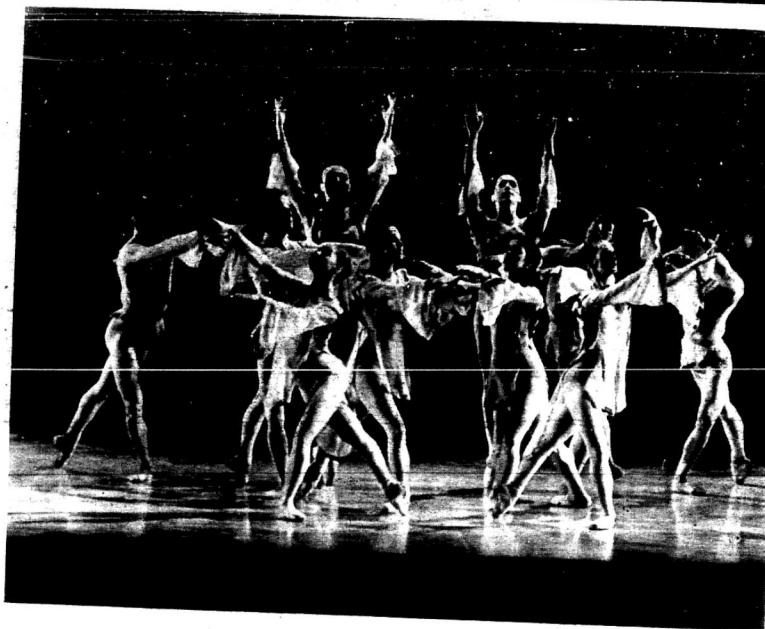
But if "good ballet is good entertainment," as the program notes attribute to Nahat, then is good entertainment necessarily good ballet? And what about bad entertainment? I'm no authority on Turkey Trotting, but I do know that so many of the dance numbers should not have looked so indistinguishable. Each dance must have its own look and feel. No disco has seen such rigid torsos, no USO jitterbug bash such lackluster acrobatics, no barn-raising such disinterested dosey-dos. The Clevelanders didn't seem to realize that social dances are more style than steps. You have to get inside them and dance them out. Yes, the palm tree and boa in that Astaire-Rogers take-off was charming, but failed precision of the amorphous chorus line (costumed almost exactly like the finale in "the" *Chorus Line*), highkicking to Woodie Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" (is nothing sacred?) while a red, white, and blue

rainbow descended from above (give us a break!), dealt a death blow to my usual kindness. I fled the theater amid the all-too-predictable cheers, wondering if Ann Margret needed new back-up gypsies for her Las Vegas act.

Dennis Nahat does deserve a few good words, though. A former soloist with both the Joffrey Ballet and American Ballet Theater, he is Cleveland's co-director, resident choreographer, and lead soloist. As the latter he remains absurd. He was essentially *demi-caractere* dancer with ABT, and his vibrant personality and dark, sharp features still stamp his dancing with recognizable presence. He performed in five out of six ballets presented at BAM and always commanded attention. As Death in Kurt Joos' classic 1932 anti-war *The Green Table* (the only non-Nahat ballet brought to New York) he was memorable—not a light compliment.

But Nahat the choreographer is another modern convenience. In the rush for the big time, ballet companies are eager for their own stars, their own styles, and Cleveland has found the prolific and energetic Nahat a sexy sell.





But companies run the risk of becoming vanity troupes when they enthroned less-than-sensational choreographers. There is only one Balanchine and not a whole lot of Choo San Gohs, either. Good choreographers, really good choreographers, are just not that easy to come by. Nahat's work comprises three-quarters of the Cleveland repertory, and judging by what was shown at BAM, he has

yet to prove himself a significant choreographic talent.

Certain aspects of his choreography are original. Men's *fouettes*, delicate hand motions, a windmilling *port de bras*, jazzy wiggles and torso contractions are not usual on the ballet stage, and show a choreographer who is at least experimenting with movement. But Nahat's experiments don't always

work—that is, they don't always add up to anything. The combinations may be surprising, but towards what end? In *Quicksilver*, *Brabms* and the new *Celebrations* (which I liked best), I missed any overall vision. The choreography came too piecemeal, too literally, with a step (at least) for every note. In Nahat's ballets, dancers are constantly rushing in and out of the wings (a de-

vice done to comic perfection by Twyla Tharp in *Push Comes to Shove*). It's almost as if he can't complete an idea before he panics at the stage's emptiness or fullness.

What Nahat is thankfully free from, however, is *pas-de-deux-itis*. His male *allegro* and female *andante* (*Quicksilver*) may be a touch predictable, but it's nonetheless refreshing to see extensive elaboration of male and female ensemble work and to see ballet as something other than the glorification of heterosexual coupling.

The Cleveland dancers, especially the women, performed well and looked good—excepting *US*, of course. There is an unusual range of heights in the troupe, offering an unwieldy but challenging ensemble. The men fared least well, unable to match the speed and clarity of Nahat's own virtuoso jumps and turns or the quirky arm movements which look at home only on him. They might have looked more capable if illness had not forced artistic director Ian Horvich (also a Joffrey and ABT alumnus) off the performance roster.

It's a pity we did not see any of Cleveland's classical stagings or its single Balanchine ballet. These are the benchmarks by which a company seeking a national reputation needs to be judged. It's what you see when you look beyond the satin that finally counts. **N**

WORTH CHECKING OUT

Charles Moulton and his dancers offer highly choreographed precision ball-passing at Dance Theater Workshop, February 26-March 1 (691-6500).

John Bernd and Tim Miller, who collaborated as part of last fall's downtown Gay Men's Performance Festival, present "Live Boys" at P.S. 122, 9th St. and First Ave., March 5-8 and 12-15 (288-4104).

Ask Dr. Berger

by Dr. Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I've been living monogamously with my lover for the past three years, and recently his desire to have sex has become nonexistent. He's developed elaborate systems and excuses to avoid going to bed with me or relating to me sexually. This has never been a problem before in our relationship. Also, I feel particularly uncomfortable talking with him about this problem. I wonder if there's anything wrong with me or how I should handle this, as the relationship is very important to me.

Sincerely,

Frustrated and Unhappy

Dear Frustrated:

First of all, one would hope that after a three-year relationship you'd be able to discuss an issue as fundamental as sex. As we all know, sexual gratification can go a long way towards making relationships work. Therefore, I strongly recommend that you initiate

quickly a communication process that will improve the quality of your relationship as well as deal with the sexual problem.

Loss of sexual interest in a relationship most frequently symptomatics a greater problem. Depression often manifests itself with loss of sexual drive. Sad den discomfort with vulnerability can cause sexual retreat. Intimacy consisting of both friendship and sexual expression requires mutual investment as well as honesty.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I have a tendency to gain weight and I hate being fat. Not only does it impair my social life but it destroys my self-esteem. What do you think of diet pills as a means of weight loss?

Sincerely,

Pudgy

Dear Pudgy:

Diet medication is not a viable mode of weight loss in and of itself. That is, pills alone will only facilitate marked

weight changes: weight loss and subsequent compensatory gains.

Short-term use of non-amphetamine appetite suppressants in conjunction with a well-balanced, nutritious, organized diet with vitamin supplements regulated by a qualified physician can be effective if one is sincerely motivated to lose weight. One reputable physician is Robert Levine, M.D., at 176 East 64th Street. His rates are reasonable—\$20.00 a visit, which includes medication and vitamins both in pill and injection form. The most important thing to remember is that the success of any diet is directly related to your commitment to it.

Dear Dr. Berger:

Am I exercising my heart if I work out on exercise machines two or three times weekly?

Sincerely,

Would-be-Athlete

Dear Athlete:

The formula most frequently recommended for the improvement of one's

cardio-pulmonary status is as follows: four times a week, one should maintain 70 percent of maximal cardiac output for 20 minutes. Maximal cardiac output is calculated by subtracting your age (e.g., 20) from the number 220, which leaves 200. Seventy percent of 200 is 140, thus if you maintain your pulse at 140 for 20 minutes 4 times a week, you are strengthening your heart muscle, and clearly improving the likelihood of a longer lifespan. The mode by which you accomplish this increased pulse rate is less important. Swimming, jogging, bicycling, are all viable alternatives. Exercise machines per se do not accomplish this goal.

Dr. Berger invites you to submit letters or comments to him at:

Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.
480 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication in the New York Native and, if so, whether your name may be used.

Illustration: Harold Montiel

Vito Russo and Arthur Bell talk on the phone practically every day. They have been doing so for ten years. In their January 11 conversation, Arthur (in L.A.) called Vito (in N.Y.).

Vito: Arthur, is that you?

Arthur: Oh, Vito, it's raining here. How is it in NY?

Vito: It was sixteen degrees last night.

Arthur: It's drizzling over here.

Vito: Yeah, but the weather must be warm. Are you at the Beverly Hilton?

Arthur: No, I'm at the Beverly Wilshire.

Vito: What's the difference?

Arthur: About six blocks. The difference is that the Hilton has the polo lounge and this one has the coffee shop. I feel so fucking isolated here.

Vito: Well, you don't have a car, do you?

Arthur: I don't have a car and there's nothing to do in Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills is hotels and freeways. I'm a block away from Rodeo Drive and the Brown Derby—which is nice—but Rodeo Drive—which I've been hearing about all my life—is nothing. It's like Fifth Avenue and around 37th Street. The days have been fabulous. I spent Friday on the set of *Cannery Row*. They've rebuilt the entire city of Monterey on a sound stage where they used to shoot Esther Williams films. They have the water there and everything. And I had lunch in the commissary yesterday with the producer, Michael Phillips, and the director, David Ward, and I'm seeing Nick Nolte on Monday for lunch. I'm working out of the Thalberg building and it's hysterical.

Vito: You mean you haven't been out and around in the evening at all?

Arthur: No, I haven't. I've only been here since Thursday and I don't know any of the gay spots. Richard Golan picked me up and showed them to me but I didn't go inside. I'm doing things a normal tourist would do.

Vito: You're hardly a normal tourist.

Arthur: When I go to San Francisco, I'll let down my hair.

Vito: Such as it is.

Arthur: You're in New York?

Vito: I'm in N.Y. Went to the gay press convention. Everyone was there but *Blueboy*. They declined.

Arthur: Did they feel above it or below it? They probably felt above it but they're below it. Were you there for the Ross Wetzsteon hour?

Vito: Yeah. Your name came up.

Arthur: How?

Vito: He said that the *Voice* made a major policy decision to hire you years ago as a writer to cover the gay community.

Arthur: That's entirely new to me. That's very interesting. I never thought they made any kind of major decision about anything.

Vito: Jim Saslow got up and said "I don't see Arthur Bell or Richard Goldstein or Stuart Byron here. Does that mean that the *Voice* is not covering this convention?" And Wetzsteon said that

no assignment had been made but that if one of those writers turned in a story it would appear in the paper.

Arthur: Wasn't Richard there? I thought he was supposed to be there.

Vito: Me too, but he wasn't. He did throw a party on Saturday night so perhaps that had something to do with his absence.

Arthur: I wish I'd been there. Not even necessarily to cover it but just to see what was going down.

Vito: They formed a Gay Press Association.

Arthur: Oh, great.

Vito: And we talked about freelance writers and how they get ripped off a lot and get paid late or not at all and formed a task force to deal with the problems of gay freelancers, including cartoonists, illustrators, and photographers whose work is always getting ripped off without permission and for no money. I don't think that part was too popular with the editors in attendance, but, in retrospect, I saw the need for heavy writer participation in all this. We're going to ask for standardized contracts.

Arthur: This is probably the first time in the history of gay literature that the question of contracts has been brought up at all.

Vito: Speaking of gay literature, Felice Picano was there. I read his new book, it's terrific. It's called *Late In The Season*.

Arthur: How was he?

Vito: He's a doll.

Arthur: Was Andrew Holleran there?

Vito: No, but Felice said he had a friend from France to dinner the other night and Andrew Holleran was there. And in the middle of dinner the French guy said, "So what's the status of gay literature?" and Andrew said, "You're having dinner with it."

Arthur: hahahahahahah. Constant writer throws up. That's very funny. What about the small magazines? Were they there?

Vito: Yeah, Frank Schmidt was there and there was *David* from Florida and *Out* from Washington, which is not really just entertainment but politics too... they were all there.

Arthur: Was Brandon there?

Vito: No, but I thought he should be, though.

Arthur: I'm sure it had something to do with the \$100. Did anybody give the *Voice* hell?

Vito: No, it wasn't brought up. In general, people perceive the *Voice* to be nothing more on gay issues than any other alternative paper in the country. We can carp with certain things, but I don't think those people see anything basically wrong with the attitude of the *Voice*.

Arthur: Well, you know, never have I gotten any anti-gay stuff over there in all these years. Listen, what's happening in New York? Gossip?

Vito: Well, it's an unfortunate week for gossip because I have the flu.

Arthur: Thank you, Andrew Holleran. Listen, take care of yourself. You know what happened? They've even got it down here. Sven Nykvist the photographer is running 103 fever and he sneezed in my face on Friday.

Vito: He sneezed in your face?

Arthur: You know what I did? I immediately ran to the commissary and had orange juice and took Vitamin C. He should be home. They have a doctor on the set who's supposed to be taking care of him but he should be home. That's so selfish to go around sneezing at people.

Vito: What's on the itinerary?

Arthur: I may see a screening of *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* because Pat Kingsley was on the set. I'm supposed to go with Ellen Burstyn one night to see a screening of some new film, what's it called, something of the north, *Spoilers of the North*, some fucking thing. I'm on the set every day. The dirt on Raquel Welch is that it just wasn't coming to her. You know, she was supposed to be playing a twenty-five-year-old hooker and it would have been a great role for her, the part of her life, almost like a comeback role, but the rushes were not good. She brought in an entourage of five people to the set and every time she sneezed they were there and they fix her hair.... On the other hand, Nick Nolte comes with one guy who's like an old friend of his. It's a very, very friendly

set now, and I understand that when Raquel was here it wasn't at all like that. You know, sort of, a star 1945 attitude.

Vito: She's making the same mistake Mae West made. If she was smart she'd play a fifty-year-old hooker. And try to look it.

Arthur: On Tuesday somebody is taking me on a tour of MGM and he's going to show me what's left of all the old sets and the houses. They're doing four other movies here. One is with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters called *Pennies From Heaven*, and all week George Cukor is shooting *Rich And Famous* with Candy Bergen and Jacqueline Bisset.

Vito: Oh, hang out on that one.

Arthur: Well, you know they say George Cukor is a dictator who's running the set with a tight fist.

Vito: No shit.

Arthur: Yeah. And Richard Dreyfuss—who I understand doesn't want to see another human being—is having convulsions in a hospital bed in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* And they're doing a film with Peter Falk called *All Those Marbles* which Robert Aldrich is directing. It's about lady wrestlers. So MGM is cooking now, they're doing so much here. So what I'm gonna be doing is a production story on *Cannery Row* and then a story about the resurgence of MGM.

Vito: Great.

Arthur: I mean, this is really a land of make-believe. I'm just... the day I spent on the set... I just adored every single minute of it.

Vito: Don't move to L.A.

Arthur: Oh, I hate L.A. It's MGM I like. I'm out of NY two days and I'm lonely. I'd better scam. I'll talk to you from San Francisco next week. If you're taping this you might want to cut it. We don't have our outs about us. What time is it there?

Vito: Three.

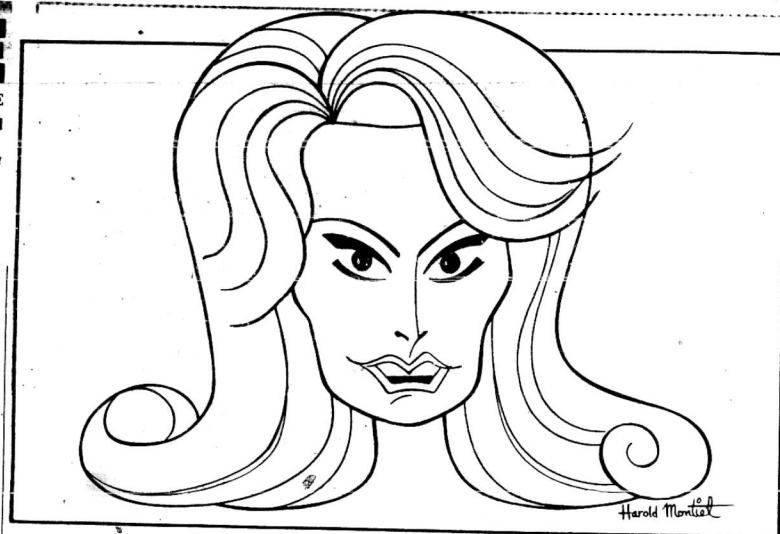
Arthur: Oh, see? It's only noon here. Goodbye, darling.

Vito: Take care of yourself.

Arthur: Take care of the flu.

Vito: Bye.

the RUSSO/BELL Connection



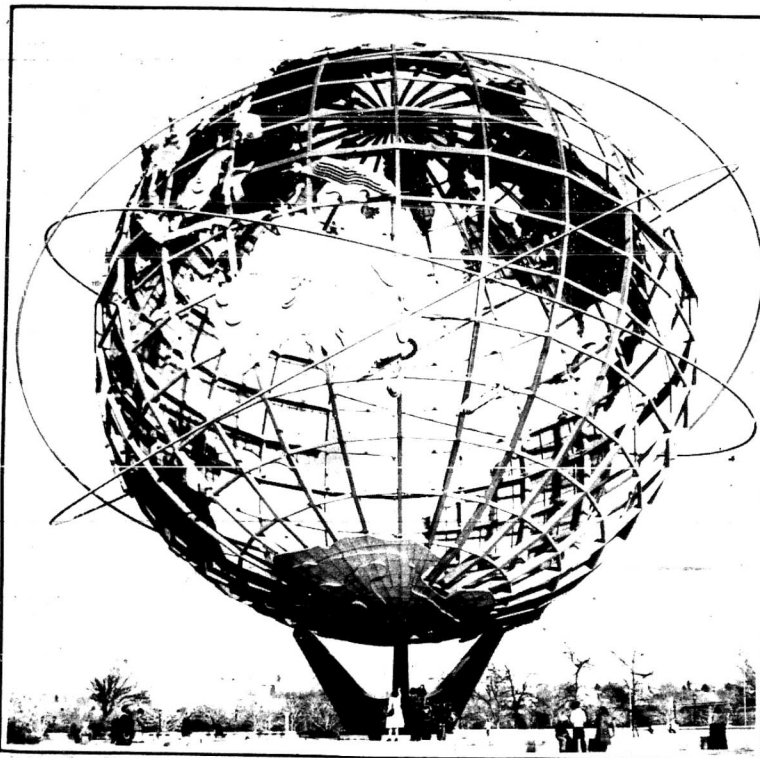


Photo: Harold Jay Klein

uptown

by Michael Grumley

Maybe we need another World's Fair. New York in 1964 was a wonderful place to come to. We drove across the country, then the Hudson, a friend of mine and I, and got lost on the George Washington Bridge, kept turning and turning. We were delivering a boat to the World's Fair Marina, finally got there, took jobs at the Johnson's Wax Pavilion. We were from the Midwest, worked with other bright-eyed hosts and hostesses shining

shoes and giving out information—young men and women from Tokyo and Sao Paulo, Houston and Paris, Battle Creek. A boyfriend from Mississippi came up all we did was ride the subways, see the exhibits, make love in a tiny Flatbush flat.

Seventeen years ago, the cars of the IRT line were clean as the Metro, unscratched. The Fair-goers and workers riding out from central Manhattan seemed always festive, full of good cheer, squeaky-clean in gold and orange and powder-blue blazers. We went on our lunch breaks to see the Mexicans spin from a high pole, Spanish flamenco dancers tap and whirl, we drank coffee and listened to James Joyce at the Irish Pavilion, smoked a furtive *7* and then

had a Belgian waffle at the Belgian Village, took a breath at the Garden of Meditation, laughed at the absurdity of the Underground Home.

We moved into Manhattan as that first summer progressed, into a series of furnished rooms off Central Park West, and gave each other parties on our days off. There were young singers and long-haired girls who strummed the guitar, and we taught our coworkers from Ghana and Mexico City the lyrics to folk songs (it was the sixties) and sang with them long into the night. Dick Button skated through that summer, wholesome and charming on the pastel-colored ice of the New York City Pavilion—tall good-looking dudes from the Texas extravaganza got drunk and danced with

NATIVE

R H Y T H M S

each other in the shadow of the Unisphere. A Californian who worked at the General Electric Exhibit took too many drugs and disappeared from view, bounced back wearing eye makeup, was fired, sank into the anonymous world of the City beyond.

The Pope came to New York that summer, blessed us where we stood at the Vatican Pavilion amid the blowing tapestries. His eminence and Robert Moses stood close by the *Pieta* and smiled for the world's cameras, shaking hands, endlessly affable, pious, and proud.

In the VIP Lounge we gave 7-Up and tea to Barbra Streisand, Gloria Swanson, Paul Newman. When Leonard Bernstein came through he stepped out of his entourage, came over and handed me a rose. This is for you, my dear, he said. The hostesses looked at me curiously, as I blushed mightily, he passed on into the pavilion.

People were still playing Gordon Jenkin's *Manhattan Tower* at brunches—the city and the Fair were one for us all, all of us caught up in the multi-colored maelstrom. College boys from Ford and the Brass Rail fell in love with college girls from Illinois and New York State, occasionally with each other.

We learned to speak a little Italian, a little Swahili, it was the summer of my first Cuban.

Late at night, we watched the stars reflected in the Pool of Industry.

What would it take to revive such a feeling? It would take a lot, no doubt. The suspension of seventeen years of disbelief—the return to a festive unity, an optimism engendered by that admittedly hokey but often genuine Fair spirit. The buildings are still there; the Hall of Science continues to function—the Theater at the Fair puts on Noel Coward plays—there are even animals, now, in the World's Fair zoo.

We are still that glorious city we were seventeen years ago this spring—still the fine coming-together of spirit and flesh and sensibility. We feel a little tarnished, perhaps, these days. But we are New York. In this new regime of bread and circuses, a Fair might pull us together, give us back a little pride.

Could it hurt?

ATTENTION ORGANIZATIONS

YOUR EVENTS, SPECIAL ACTIVITIES, AND CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE LISTED FREE IN THE NATIVE GUIDE. JUST ADDRESS THEM TO: NATIVE GUIDE, 250 WEST 57TH STREET, SUITE 417, NEW YORK, N.Y., 10107. PLEASE HAVE THEM TO US AT LEAST THREE WEEKS IN ADVANCE OF YOUR EVENT.

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CITYSCAPE
with
Cy Ross
by Burton Clarke

...ON THE
WAKE OF INCREASED VIOLENCE
AGAINST GAYS, TENSION RUNS
HIGH IN THE CITY...

CY, FAG-BASHING ISN'T NEW.
IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME!

I KNOW, BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING INCREDIBLY
SAVAGE AT WORK HERE...

WELL, GET USED TO IT BE-
CAUSE IT'S GONNA GET
WORSE!

CHUCK, IF I THOUGHT
LIKE YOU, I'D PROBABLY
NEVER GET OUT OF BED IN
THE MORNING...

ALL I'M SAYING IS BE CARE-
FUL. LOOK, I WORRY ABOUT
YOU.

UH-OH! HERE COMES THE
"CY-YOU'RE-TOO-NICE" RAP.
GOTTA GO. THANKS AGAIN
FOR DINNER.

WELL, IT'S TRUE AND YOU
KNOW IT! RING ME WHEN
YOU GET HOME!

CHUCK, I'LL BE FINE!
GOOD NIGHT!



Rollerena

by Michael Thomas

HE HAD SEEN MODEL TRAIN
SETS AS A SMALL BOY...

TOYS

EVEN
STUDIO
54...

HE HAD SEEN
KENTUCKY SUNSETS...

BUT NEVER ANYTHING QUITE LIKE...

THAT
DRESS!

MITH

CONTINUED..

Notes from the underground

by Brandon Judell



Kevin Higgins shoots women a lot.

Higgins: I don't shoot male portraits because I'm not interested in men. I find women more intriguing maybe because I'm a man. I just don't find any male mystique—their guile... their makeup... their trappings. I can possibly see myself shooting nude portraits of men right now, but it isn't my obsession. I've always been obsessed with women.

Brooklyn-born Higgins is in the midst of preparing his show "Apocalyptic Women and Others" (at the Don Stone, Jr. Contemporary Arts gallery, February 22-April 18). His photographs lie in a black box on his kitchen table.

Higgins: Would you like tea or something? Have you had breakfast? Judell: Tea would be nice. Higgins: Earl Grey or Teddey? Judell: Earl Grey.

Attired in a rumpled, red sweat pants and an off-washed blue T-shirt, Higgins boils water. He has a small face encased in a heavy beard, the type that throws a five o'clock shadow at 3:15. His kitchen is yellow-walled and blue-floored. The refrigerator is completely collaged with clippings [a "Rat's Nest" sticker, a classical painting of a woman pinching another's nipple, a Porrot pucker]. On the yellow walls hang frying pans, rolls of masking tape resting upon nalls, a photo of Monroe with guitar and one of Joplin without. Elsewhere there's a can of Protesoy, an instant protein powder with B complex, a Mona Lisa cookie tin, and a bottle of California brandy.

Higgins: My "Apocalyptic Women" (Talley Brown, Brenda Bergman, Cookie Mueller, and others) are women of the underground. They are not promoting something to sell. Their creativity is more important than the rewards they might receive by commercializing their talents. They'll probably never be widely known.

Judell: What about Blondie?

Higgins: Blondie is not a spokesperson for the underground. Once being a waitress at Max's does not relegate one to the underground. My "Apocalyptic Women" approach their life through the theater. Take Natasha. She's been doing punk clothing for ten years—before Seventh Avenue could understand what she was doing.

Judell: In your other series where

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'. Songs by Fats Waller and a cast of five. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760).

AMADEUS: The Viennese rivalry between Mozart and his contemporary, Antonio Salieri. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472).

ANNIE: Orphan Annie's adventures after she got eyes. Alvin, 250 W. 52nd (757-8646).

BARNUM: Jim Dale as P.T. Barnum, complete with minicircus. St. James, 246 W. 44th (398-0280).

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: As much fun as straight sex in the missionary position that you have to pay for. 46th St. Theater, 226 W. 46th (246-0246).

BRING BACK BIRDIE: The continuation of Birdie's career with a look at the lives of Albert and Rose 20 years later. Opens 2/19, until then in previews (and preview prices). Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th (246-6383).

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: A romance between a deaf woman and her nonhandicapped teacher. Longacre, 220 W. 48th (246-5639).

A CHORUS LINE: An act of love that has to be seen to be appreciated. Schubert, 225 W. 44th (246-5990).

DANCIN': A Bob Fosse Ballet. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472).

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD...: Groucho lives! A musical comedy as a reincarnation. Royale, 242 W. 45th (245-5760).

DEATHTRAP: A playwright's submitted play, some real shills, and a few good laughs. Music Box, 239 W. 45th (246-4636).

THE ELEPHANT MAN: A brilliant play enhanced even more now that Bowie's left. 222 W. 45th (246-5969).

EVITA: The life of Eva Peron. Strong score by Weber and Rice. Their first major effort since SUPERSTAR. Broadway, 513rd (247-3600).

5TH OF JULY: 33 years after TALLYS FOLLIES, with Chris (Superman) Reeve as a spy. Viet Nam vet with fellow former classmates from Berkeley. New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd (921-8558).

THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL: A revival of the 1927 musical by Kalmer and Ruby. Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th (246-6380).

42ND STREET: No show written is worth a \$50 orchestra seat, but this one does come close. Winter Garden, 1634 Bldg (245-4878).

GEMINI: Is he or isn't he? Only his girlfriend's brother knows for sure. Little Theater, 240 W. 43rd (221-6425).

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN: A revival of the Ibsen play starring E.G. Marshall and Irene Worth. A play of passion, between father and son, husband and wife, man and lover, man and mankind. At the Circle In The

Square, 50th West of Bldg. (581-0720).

LUNCH HOUR: Stars Gilda Radner in a play about two marriages and a life that grows. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th (246-0390).

MACBETH: One of the most innovative stagings of this masterpiece, making excellent use of the catwalks. Beaumont, Lincoln Center (787-8868).

MORNING'S AT SEVEN: Four eccentric sisters and how they affect each other and their families. Lyceum, 149 W. 45th (582-3897).

DH! CALCUTTA! Not worth the space to review. Edison, 240 W. 47th (757-7164).

PIAF: Edith Piaf's life story that covers a 30 year period. Opens 2/5. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760).

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE: The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta performed this past summer in Central Park. With Rex Smith and Linda Ronstadt. Uris Theater, 514 West of Broadway (588-6510).

SHAKESPEARE'S CABARET: An enjoyable musical event. Bijou, 209 W. 45th (221-8500).

STILL LIFE: Examines the lives of three people affected by the Viet Nam war. American Circle, 111 W. 46th. Now In Previews.

SUGAR BABIES: Ann Miller and her trained hair (a cast of thousands). Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st (757-7064).

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG: A Neil Simon musical that despite its beauty, has had so many cast changes that it lacks any consistency. Imperial, 249 W. 45th (255-4311).

TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO: A New England matricular invites the family to a Thanksgiving weekend they won't soon forget. Unfortunately, it's written so poorly that the audience hopes they will forget. Biltmore, 261 W. 47th (582-5340).

OFF BROADWAY

ALBUM: Four highschool students during the 60s. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).

AN EVENING WITH JOAN CRAWFORD: Described in the next issue. A musical by Julian Neill and composed by Christina Dearest. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (260-8481).

THE CAPTIVITY OF PIXIE SHEDMAN: Five generations of a Southern family. Marymount, Manhattan, 221 E. 71st (730-0794).

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING: Two suburban housewives whooping it up in the big city. Stars Louise Lasser. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette (254-4370).

COMING ATTRACTIONS: An exceptionally funny satire with

M A R Q U E E

music by Ted Tiley. Playwright's Horizon, 416 W. 42nd (564-1235).

DEAD END KIDS: A history of atomic energy. Public/The Other Stage, 425 Lafayette, (598-7160).

THE FANTASTICKS: Fantastick that it's still running after all these years. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF PONTIUS PILATE: The story of Jesus as seen by Pilate. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (427-4410).

HOT FEET: Thirteen sketches giving a satirical look at life in the Big Apple. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd (840-2824).

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE: A revival of the Osborne play. Roundabout Stage 1, 333 W. 23rd St. (242-7800).

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A dynamite musical keeping it together. Circle In The Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker (254-6330).

LAST SUMMER AT BLUEFISH COVE: A "Must See." One of off-Broadway's warmest shows (see last issue Urban Affairs).

ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE: 7th Ave. off Christopher (691-6226).

MARY STUART: A historical essay starring Roberta Maxwell. Public, 425 Lafayette. (247-0394).

ONE-REEL TIME: A beautiful little musical that shouldn't be missed. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (475-5120).

PENGUIN TOUQUET: A new work by Richard Foreman. Public, 425 Lafayette (598-7150).

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS: A revival of the comedy about foreign speaking students on their first night of instruction. At the 78th St. Theater Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

REALLY ROSIE: Another kiddie acted musical in the style of BUGSY MALONE. American Place Theater, 111 West 45th (246-3226).

SCRAMBLED FEET: One of Off Broadway's funniest and craziest (or sanest) shows. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

TRIXIE TRUE, TEEN DETECTIVE: While not one of the best shows in town, Marilyn Sokol shines in this fun spy musical comedy. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St. (924-8782).

WE WON'T PAY! WE WON'T PAY! Buyers revolt in this new comedy. Chelsea Theater Center, 407 W. 43rd (541-8394).

you wrap up men, what material are you using?

Higgins: I'm not telling you. The photos are not yet that well identified with me. I don't want to get ripped off. Judell: Is your work affected by the political environment?

Higgins: Reagan's presidency is driving me crazy. Reagan and the White House are apocalyptic. Things could not be worse. That the majority of people voted him in... This planet deserves what it gets. People are opting for four years of job security over their grandchildren's future. The industrial revolution has gone awry. We have Love Canals and people aren't reacting. We need half of the population killed by radioactive waste before we get a reaction. People are assholes... ostriches with their heads in the ground.

Pudgy is a five-month-pregnant Don Rickles with a more digestible humanity. Currently at Freddy's, this sequined-to-death commedienne strolls from table to table gathering nasty information about patrons that they unsuspectingly offer up themselves. A few nights ago Pudgy trounced upon William Morris agents, members of the Boggs show, the vice-president of Sakowitz, a French Charo, and at least fifty other diners. They all begged for more. You will, too.

What's left of the Village People will be appearing at a George Paul Rossell party. Carmelo will outfit the crew. Pomodoro, whose apartment will be featured in May's *GG* is currently searching for large quantities of naughtyde.

Dr. Dan Williams, well known for his expertise with hemroids, amoebas, and Hepatitis B, celebrated his birthday (the same day as Lord Byron's) by daydreaming gay diseases could only be transmitted by unconsummated cruising. It's not too late to send a card to such a dedicated professional.

John Preston's definitive novel about S-M, *Mr. Benson*, appears to have been finally accepted by a publisher. When the serialization of the work appeared on the pages of *Drummer*, a Benson mania spread throughout the nation. There were Mr. Benson T-shirts and in the South each episode was faithfully acted out. Not since the filming of *Valley of the Dolls* has there been such a fight for roles.

Edited by Harold Jay Klein

Cabarets

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16

MERRYL MILLER (at 9) and SUSAN THAUL (at 11) at the Duplex.
ANDREA SINGER (at 8) and TBA at the West Bank Cafe.
NORMAN MAPP at the Greenstreet cafe.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

TERRI LYNN PAUL (at 9) and HERB AND POTATO (at 11) at the Duplex.
MELANIE HENDERSON (at 8) and TBA (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.
CAROL FREDETTE (Through the 18th) at the Greenstreet Cafe.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

SCOTTI RHODES (at 9) and HERB AND POTATO (at 11) at the Duplex.
JOHN WESLEY SHIPP & KAREN SHIPP (at 8) and DAVE BERGER (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.



Dalton Cathey

DALTON CATHEY, last seen as Jonathan Harker in the Broadway production of DRACULA, at 11 at Ted Hook's Onstage.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) at the Duplex.
ELLEN MAXTED (at 8) and MELANIE HENDERSON (at 11) at the Greenstreet Cafe.
ERIC RILEY, seen on Broadway in Ain't Misbehavin', Jesus Christ Superstar, and Chorus Line performs at 11:30 at Ted Hook's Onstage.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20

MARGERET WRIGHT (at 9) and BRICK HARTNEY (at 11) at the Duplex.
PHOENIX (at 8) and JENNY BURTON (see the Urban Affairs section) (at 11) at the Greenstreet Cafe.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21

KAREN MASON with BRIAN LASSER (at 9 and 11) at the Duplex.
PAULA LOCKHEART (at 8 and 11) at the Greenstreet Cafe.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

ROBERT I, poetry readings beginning at 7 at S.N.A.F.U.
MARION GALLO (at 9) and BRUCE HOPKINS (at 11) at the Duplex.
MELANIE HENDERSON (at 7) and OVEZEY (at 10) the West Bank Cafe.
BRAZILIAN FESTIVAL with JORGE DALTO at the Greenstreet Cafe.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23

MERRYL MILLER (at 9) and SUSAN THAUL (at 11) at the Duplex.
ANDREA SINGER (at 8) and AIKU (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.
JIMMY OWENS at the Greenstreet Cafe.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24

TERRI LYNN PAUL (at 9) and HERB AND POTATO (at 11) at the Duplex.
NEGRO ACTORS GUILD VARIETY BENEFIT (at 8) and VISHNU WOOD (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.
NADINE BASIE through the 25th at the Greenstreet Cafe.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

SCOTTI RHODES (at 9) and HERB AND POTATO (at 11) at the Duplex.
JOHN WESLEY SHIPP & KAREN SHIPP (at 8) and DAVE BERGER (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.
DALTON CATHEY (at 11) at Ted Hook's Onstage.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26

SEMINA DE LAURENTIS (at 9) at the Duplex.
HIGHTIDE (at 8) and JENNY BURTON (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.
THE INK SPOTS through the 28th at the Greenstreet Cafe.
ERIC RILEY (at 11:30) at Ted Hook's Onstage.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27

MARGERET WRIGHT (at 9) and BRICK HARTNEY (at 11) at the Duplex.
PHOENIX (at 8) and JENNY BURTON (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28

JEFFREY ESSMAN (at 9 and 11) at the Duplex.
JOHN GALT LINE (at 8) and JENNY BURTON (at 11) at the West Bank Cafe.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

ROBERT I reads poetry beginning at 7 at S.N.A.F.U.
REBECCA RENFROE, currently appearing in the new musical Bring Back Birdie doing Broadway melodies as well as hysterical comedy pieces (at 9) and BRUCE HOPKINS (at 11) at the Duplex.



Marion Gallo

While reservations are not always needed, it is recommended that you contact the clubs for seat availability and to make reservations if required, as well as for last minute changes

in programming.

Ted Hook's Onstage
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the Duplex
West Bank Cafe
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255-5438
695-6909
832-3150

donation, refreshments served, child-care available. 3 p.m. Call 691-5460 for location and more information.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24

LOVING AND LIKING Your Partner Are Two Very Different Things. See Feb. 17 for details and location. West Side Discussion Group.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

SALO: 120 DAYS OF SODOM Called the most outrageously brilliant film since Busuel's Un Chien Andalou. Pasolini's last film is a sado-sexual-satirical fantasy set in German occupied Italy. At the Thalia, West 95th Street at Broadway.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26

BARBARA ZILBERBLAT leads a rap session on What causes the stress in our lives? Women only. Gay Women's Alternative. See Feb. 19 for details and location.

THE SPIKE (A member of the Big Apple Softball League) will be holding a benefit. Call The Spike for details.

MISCHIEF MIME A feminist mime troupe from Ithica presents Relationships. New Shand Theater, 137 W. 22nd Street. \$5. Information: 929-1585.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27

DOROTHY ALLISON, fiction writer, anthropologist, expatriate southerner, published in QUEST, CONDITIONS, WOMEN'S NEWS, and the NATIVE, reads her works at the Brooklyn Women's Restaurant, La Papaya, at the corner of Flatbush and 7th Avenues. Women Only. Child care provided. 9 and 10:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28

DIGNITY (see Feb. 21)
GAY PARENTING (See this issue's Urban Affairs)

WOMEN LOVING WOMEN: A slide show presented at the Lesbian History Archives. For Women Only. Call 874-7232 for location and information.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

PARENTS OF GAYS meets at 3 p.m. at the Metropolitan-Duane Methodist Church, 210 West 13th Street (at 7th Avenue). (See last issue of Native for information about the group or call (914) 793-5198.)

THE ANGER WORKSHOP continues.

Events

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

TAX BREAKS AND SHELTERS FOR GAY SINGLES AND COUPLES: CPA Bart Zoccone of the Greater Gotham Business Council speaks and answers tax questions at the West Side Discussion Group, 8:30 p.m. at Greenwich House, Seventh Avenue South at Barrow.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18

TOWN MEETING: Being held at St. John's Church at 224 Waverly Place at W. 11th, 7:30 p.m. Discussions will focus on Anti-gay Violence, developing a gay community center, women's issues, and alternatives for gay youths.
WOMEN IN PERFORMANCE: Edith Stephen, dancer, Carol Sulzhalter and friends jazz combo. WOW Festival, 25 St. Marks Place. \$4. For information call: 533-2161. Also Feb. 19. At 8:30.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19

WOMAN'S WORLD-OUTDOOR ADVENTURES FOR WOMEN: Backpacking, canoeing, sailing, and other outdoor activities discussed at the Gay Women's Alternative, Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th Street. Donation \$3.00 and starts at 8:00 p.m. Women only.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20

THE CONSUL: A presentation by the opera Ensemble of New York; a musical in three acts. At the Little Blake School Theater, 45 East 81st, \$7.00. Phone reservations: 288-1485. Also performing a Sunday matinee on the 22nd.
CONFERENCE: Eastern Region Presbyterian for Lesbian and Gay Concerns Winter Conference in Rochester, N.Y.
THE BUDDIES (a member of the Big Apple Softball League) will host a Mardi Gras Costume Contest. Call Buddies for more information.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21

HIKIN' DYKES Washington's Birthday Weekend ski trip. Call Marcie at 362-4673.

A CONCERT FOR WOMEN, featuring Alix Dobkin with special guest Theresa Edell as Emcee. United Methodist Church, George and Liberty Streets, New Brunswick, N.J., \$6.00. Call 932-7599 or 267-3858 (both area code 201) for more information.

DIGNITY meets today and every Saturday evening in the Catholic Church at 30 West 10th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. Discussion on a different topic each week begins at 6:30. Catholic Mass at 7:30 followed by a social hour until 10:00 p.m. All are welcome. No charge.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

ANGER WORKSHOP (See last issue of Native for details) continues.

A TRIBUTE TO PAUL ROBESON, 2:30 at the American Museum Auditorium, 79th and Central Park West. Free.

TERRY HELBING at the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors (see this issue Urban Affairs).

HOW LESBIANS MEET AND DATE: a practice workshop, Lesbian Feminist Liberation. All women welcome. \$1.00

Galleries



Photo: Adam Avila

ALREADY IN PROGRESS

JONATHAN SANTLOFER through the 28th at the Pam Adler gallery, 37 West 57th Street. 980-9696.

GEORGE DUREAU through the 28th at the Robert Samuel Gallery, 795 Broadway. 477-9839.

SENGA NENGLI, VESTIGE, through the 28th at Just Above Midtown, 178-80 Franklin Street. 966-7020.

FEBRUARY 16

EROTIC ART: Seminar by the Hibbs Gallery. See Urban Affairs for details.

FEBRUARY 22

WORKS ON PAPER, through March at the Profile Gallery, 113 Jane St. 243-7530.

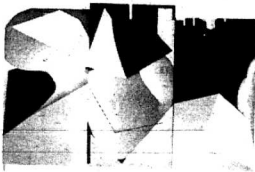
FEBRUARY 23

THE MALE ARTIST: Seminar by the Hibbs Gallery. See Urban Affairs for details.

FEBRUARY 24

MON LEVINSON through the 21st of March at Gerd/Pall, 50 West 57th St. 581-2724.

SYDNEY DRUM, Gestural Suite Etchings, through the 21st of March at Gerd/Pall, 50 West 57th St. 581-2724.



Down The Righteous Path by Jonathan Santlofer

Taverns

By Harold Jay Klein

Obviously, this list can't include bars that we don't know about. If your bar is not listed, please drop us a line and let us know a little about it. Also, if you find that a bar has changed since we reviewed it (and let's face it, we can't go to each bar every issue!), write us at:

NEW YORK NATIVE

"Bar Guide"
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

MANHATTAN GREENWICH VILLAGE

ANVIL: Now a private club, membership is not that hard to come by with a friend. With both dancing and a fair drag show, its real attraction is the tour through the catcombs beneath the dance floor.

AYOR: Bring knee pads and a poncho. 500 West 14th Street at 11th Avenue.

BADLANDS: Some western and an ample S-M rack. Christopher and West Streets near the piers.

BARBARY COAST: A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path. 67 7th Avenue at 14th Street.

BONNIE AND CLYDE: Upstairs is one of New York's finest Sunday brunches while below holds a fine bar and disco, primarily lesbian. A great place to go with a large group to enjoy yourself. 82 West 3rd Street, right off 6th Avenue.

CRISCO DISCO: An after hours (and before hours) place that has lines over a block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, a pinball arcade, coat check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and 9th Ave.

DUCHESS: A ladies only bar, proving that they can be just as raunchy as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Disco, reasonable prices and was loads of fun the time this reviewer was there. 70 Grove Street.

DUPLEX: One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable prices and a young crowd. Excellent show. 55 Grove Street.

EAGLE'S NEST: An older S-M hangout attracting the survivors. 21st Street at 11th Ave.

CROSS WORLD (formerly THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS): Another private club in the style of the ANVIL but with less danger, enough light to see what's happening, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

KELLER'S: Some western, some S-M, some of everything. Best on Sundays. 384 West Street

MARIE'S CRISIS: One of the spots where the bartenders hang out after hours. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the goup sings along. Done in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 59 Grove Street off 7th.

MINESHAFT: It's hard to describe a floor of bathtubs and what goes on in and around them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 835 Washington Street.

NINTH CIRCLE: Despite the two tacky moose heads and the stuffed rat (I don't believe it's an opossum) behind the bar, the CIRCLE has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer with candlelit tables and waiter service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim). During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasurers, businessmen, and all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs open at night, pinball, pool tables. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West 10th, just off Greenwich and Waverly.

PETER RABBIT: Bar/disco that spills out onto the street on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West Side after a walk along the promenade. 305 West 10th, just off Christopher.

THE BAR: It used to be a neighborhood gay bar but now has clientele from every part of the city. Patrons include many East Village theater people and musicians, new waves, young and old alike, authors (including several well known writers). Friendly atmosphere. Lesbians are also welcome. 4th Street and Second Avenue.

TY'S: The most popular bar along Christopher Street and understandably so. The easiest bar to 'fit into' regardless of your 'drag'. Western, leather, jock, all fit right in. 114 Christopher near Bedford.

UNCLE PAUL'S: This bar changes more often than a liberal politician. I understand that it has just changed again, making a practical review impossible. However, his bulletin board is a true history of the gay move-

ment, since it hasn't changed in four years. 8 Christopher Street near Gay Street.

MIDTOWN

DAKOTA: A western bar that has been catching on in the past few months because of live country and rockabilly music on the weekends. A throwback (and improvement) to the piano bar concept. On Second Avenue and 36th St.

ICE PALACE: Lights, mirrors, sound, waiters, neon, all above average. A young crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as it is to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

STYX: Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good disco, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after ten p.m. if you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the eight ball and try to connect in any of the other rooms. A discoteque nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. 3rd Avenue at 38th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH: Sundays: free buffet; Monday: beer at fifty cents; Tuesdays: have prize drawings; Wednesday: two-for-one. 1049 Lexington Avenue at 75th St.

UPTOWN

CHAPS: THE Uptown East Side Cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality for its patrons. 1558 3rd Avenue at 87th Street.

HURRAH: A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd St.

HARRY'S BACK EAST: A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is comfortable with honest lighting, a fine bar, and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco with fairly good lighting for a place that small, good sound with excellent discards, and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening finds Broadway dancers warming 3rd Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there's a cover which includes your first drink.

UPPER WEST SIDE

BETTER DAYS: Located on West 49th Street between 8th and 9th Avenues. 316 West 49th. Young crowd.

BOOT HILL: An uptown Ty's, located at 317 Amsterdam Ave., at 75th Street.

CANDLE H: This is a new establishment on the site of the old HALF-BREED. It's got a ground floor bar and a full-size downstairs "back room" and is open 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every day except Monday. 168 Amsterdam Avenue, at 68th Street.

THE NICKEL BAR: 127 West 72nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. Young crowd.

96 WEST: Lots of dancing in this large, "really nice" spot. Good bartenders. 96th between Columbus and Amsterdam.

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: Located at 324 Amsterdam Avenue, at 75th Street.

WILDWOOD: Currently very popular. Columbus Avenue between 74th and 75th Streets.

BROOKLYN

DANNY'S OF Brooklyn Heights: One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 108 Montague Street.

RHYTHMS: Being the only gay bar at that end of Brooklyn, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights").

RHYTHMS features live bands of above average quality and has film nights, occasional features, and the most potent drinks in the borough. Always crowded even with a weekend cover charge (good for your first drink). A tiny dance floor in the back makes dancing that much more intimate and the sound system more than compensates for the lack of space. Adding to the charm of the bar is its excellent location just a few blocks from the 8 and N lines and off 75th and 65th Streets. 6826 New Utrecht Avenue.

SAL'S PLACE: A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Hts. bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 78 Pineapple St., right off the promenade.

QUEENS

ARCK LANE: After hours catering to the late night homecoming looking for a local spot before heading home. Hours from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 4 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Atlantic Avenue.

BETSY ROSS: Jackson Heights and Rego Park are two of the priciest areas of Queens, sporting more than its fair share of bars. This is not one of the better ones. Dancing, and easy meet people when the evening is right. 73-13 37th Avenue (by Vaseline alley).

BILLY THE KID: A new addition to the neighborhood, it does show excellent promise. The

veit Avenue, just a few steps from the RT 7, E, F, GG, and N lines.

FLAVORS: The best disco in all of Queens. Attracting gays, lesbians, and even a few straights for the excellent sound and dance floor. Attracting a young crowd as well as gays from every generation. Located in Kew Gardens at 20-31 83rd Avenue.

TAVERN ON THE TURN: This has got to be the friendliest bar in the borough, if not the city. Semi-private (you have to go around to the side and ring to be admitted), during the day the bar is straight but come nine at night and you'll know otherwise. Ralph the bartender (his "fuckin' name's not yoi") makes you feel right at home and makes quite interesting conversation about the old New York gay bar scene (he's been around it for 12 years). Very convenient to both train (E & F to 169th Street) and by car (with plenty of street parking available). At 172-22 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica. Membership cards are available (at no charge). Go late!



Thanks to Michael Grumley, Charles, and Dee for the new additions in this issue.

Harold

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